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A MINISINK DOUBLE WEDDING.

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A MINISINK DOUBLE WEDDING.

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A MINISINK DOUBLE WEDDING.

A Story of Old Minisink Village Between the Minisink Indian War of
1754—8, and the French and Indian War of 1763—5.

By CHARLES E. STICKNEY.

SUSSEX, N. J., (FORMERLY DECKERTOWN.)

PRESS OF THE WANTAGE RECORDER.

1902.

EXPLANATORY AND PREFATORY.

THE following story is laid in Jersey Minisink, as the part of old Minisink east of the Delaware river was once called. Old Minisink was the land of the Minsi, or, as the Dutch settlers called them, Munsey Indians. They inhabited the Delaware river valley between the Pahoqualin mountains on the east in New Jersey, now called the Blue mountains, and the Kittatinny mountains on the west in Pennsylvania; and extending from the Water Gap to Rose's point by the Neversink River valley, and to Lackawaxen on the upper Delaware.

The Munsey of the German settlers, or in English the Minsi Indians, were the third division of the Leni Lenape or Delaware tribe. The first and ruling division was the Unami (Tortoise); the second the Wunalichtgo (Turkey); the third the Minsi (Wolf). The first inhabited New Jersey south and east of Pahoqualin mountain to the Atlantic ocean; the second occupied all the mountainous region south of the country of the Acquanashchioni, or Five (Six) Nations* in Pennsylvania and part of Ohio, and were termed the Highlanders; the third occupied as we have seen, the Delaware and Neversink river flats and were termed the Lowlanders. The three divisions each spoke a different dialect, yet could understand each other. They were also easily distinguished by their accent and the tribal totem which each warrior usually kept displayed in a sketch upon his person or arms. Thus at the capture of Wyltwyck (Kingston) by the Indians in September, 1663, the Dutch people easily recognized the Munsey Indians† among their assailants.

The Minisink war was undertaken by the Delawares, sanctioned by the Six Nations, against the settlers in Pennsylvania Minisink for frauds perpetrated on them, and it was settled by Teedyuscung in 1758. The French war began about 1764 and was carried on by predatory bands of warriors instigated by the wars between the English colonies and the French colony in Canada. After the English captured Canada there was a short cessation of Indian troubles, later revived by the Revolutionary war.

During all these early wars there resided a considerable number of white people in Jersey Minisink, who, besides the Indian wars, were involved for half a century in a struggle between the states of New York and New Jersey, as to which of them owned the lands in that region. This arose from a dispute over the boundary line between the states.

The scene of our story is laid in the disputed land district. The states agreed that the line between them should begin on the Hudson river in latitude 41 degrees and 40 minutes, and should run to the most northern branch of the Delaware river. New Jersey claimed it was

where a creek falls into the Delaware at Cochection; New York claimed it should run to where the Lehigh river falls into the Delaware at Easton.

This difference left a triangle comprising a vast territory, which they both attempted to tax and to give titles for. To illustrate it we have prepared this rude diagram.



The beginning on the Hudson is the point of the triangle at the right. The upper line from thence to the dot at the upper left hand corner, Cochection, is where New Jersey claimed the line should be. The lower line from the point to the dot in the lower corner at the left where a stream, the Lehigh, is shown by a short line to the dot, Easton, is where New York claimed the line should run. The crooked line running between those two dots is to represent the Delaware river. The short line coming to it from the top is the Neversink river, just above the junction being a dot to show where Port Jervis now is. Big Minisink island is shown by a dot in the Delaware, to the right of which another dot represents the site of the ancient Minisink village; from thence the line of Minisink Patent** ran to the apex of the triangle. The large circle nearly in the centre represents Deckertown, which the New York Minisink Patent embraced.

New Jersey purchased all outstanding Indian claims to the northern part of the state at a council with the Indians, Oct. 26, 1758, in Easton, and the Indians executed a deed for it to Gov. Francis Bernard, signed by eighteen of them. Henry Montour, interpreter for the Delawares, and Geo. Croghan, who was a deputy appointed by the Six Nations to ratify the sale on their part. Moses Tatamy and Jas. Davis took it to Teedynsunc for his confirmation, as he was not present at the last day. In that deed the northern boundary line was plainly defined: "beginning at Cashietonk and running in a straight line through Peenpack to the drowned lands, thence crossing Mt. Eve, to the mouth of Tappan creek in

the Hudson"—thence to Sandy Hook, thence to the Raritan river, thence to the falls of Allamutung (Powersville in Hunterdon county, N. J.), thence to where Pahoqualin mountain crosses the Delaware river (Water Gap), thence up that river to the beginning.

When the boundary line was finally settled by the states it ran as it is now from the mouth of the Neversink river to the apex of the triangle represented on the diagram by the white line.

I have aimed in the following story to convey to the reader by an unaffected narrative the home life of the dwellers in one of the much troubled homes in Minisink in those early years of our history, and hope to have made it instructive, for I have not aimed to make it dramatic.

CHARLES E. STICKNEY.

⁶When the Dutch people first came into the Province of New York the Indians in the confederacy in the interior embraced five principal tribes; but later another tribe came into their organization, from which circumstance they became known in the Dutch and English provinces as the "Six Nations." This confederacy was called by the latter "Acquanschioni," and by the French people in Canada the "Iroquis."

⁷The census of agriculture for Wisconsin for the year 1900 reports a few "Munsee" Indians living on the Menominee reservation of 362 square miles in Shawano county, Wisconsin. It says "They (the Stockbridge and Munsee tribes) are unconsolidated and number 376. The principal crops on these reservations are oats and corn. The majority of the 37 Indian farmers cultivate 10 to 50 acres, while two had 110 and 130 acres respectively." Think of the degradation of that remnant of the once dreaded Minsi of Minisink—from a once noble Redman to an ignoble and despised farmer.

⁸Minisink Patent was a New York scheme to acquire title to a vast tract of land, and its southern boundary line ran from Big Minisink island to the Hudson river: thus embracing all the land north of it claimed by New Jersey. After it was granted by Queen Anne, Aug. 28th, 1704, New York state left off claiming the Jersey lands south of that line.

A MINISINK DOUBLE WEDDING.

CHAPTER I.

FREME AND BETHUNE.

"And well do I remember how, then, we used to call
On girls, who loved the splendors and glories of the fall;
Who grew up near the hawthorns and sumachs and wild plums,
Where unsuspecting beauty to its perfection comes;
And who, with gathered garlands, could shine in homespun dress,
And charm their rustic neighbors with grace and loveliness."

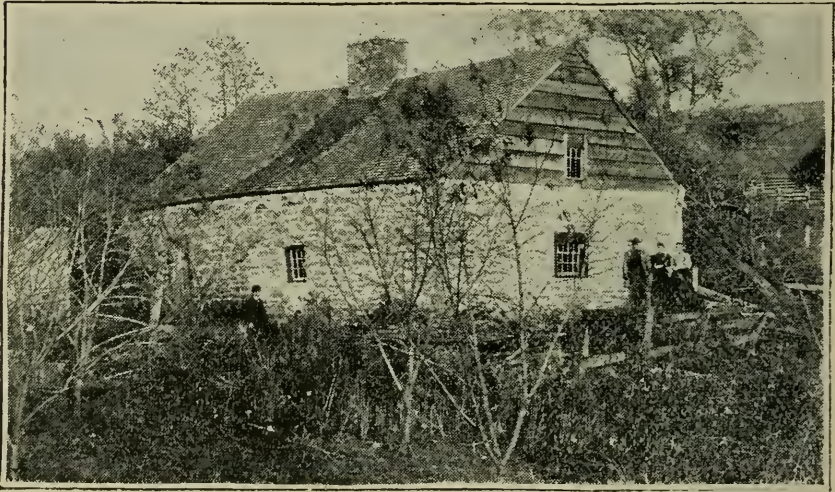
—The Centenarian.

HERE were doubtless some pioneer settlers, some Europeans, who ventured into the country of the Minsi Indians along the Delaware river, before the year 1700, but their settlement on the New Jersey shore of that river on the westward incline of Minisink or Pahoqualin mountain, is somewhat traditional. About 1725 however, written records attest that a number of Hollanders began to immigrate into its fertile confines. The first attempt to locate a village was commenced April 7th of that year. It is found in a survey and map made by Cornelius Low, Jr., which the late Thomas G. Bunnell, of Newton, possessed and treasured highly in his lifetime, and which we are informed is now deposited with The Minisink Historical Society, in Port Jarvis. The survey gives six plots of land of five acres each, situated on the eastern shore of that part of the Delaware river flowing east of Big Minisink island. Each plot also comprised respectively from 25 to 55 acres, which were located on the island, for farm purposes. The owners named on the map were: Mathews VanKuykendall, Antonie Westbrook, Johannis Westbrook, Jr., Jacob VanKuykendall, Jurian Westphael, and Jan Courtright. They formed the nucleus for a vast army of descendants which is still increasing at the present day.

This village was located on a road running from Esopus, or Kingston, in Ulster county, N. Y., to near the Water Gap. The road was found ready for use when the settlers we have named came from Esopus there. Tradition said that it had been made and used for the transpor-

tation of copper ore from the mines in Pahaquarry to Hudson's river some eighty years before. Be that as it may, it was there, and the pioneers in the valley used it and called it The King's Highway, or The Mine Road, as their fancy prompted. In a few years from the location of the village immigrants settled along the road from Pahaquarry to what is now Carpenter's Point at frequent locations, and a blacksmith, store, and tavern at Minisink, as the village was named, did a thriving business not only with the settlers but with the Indians who resided in the vicinity. The introduction of the sale of whiskey, which has almost invariably been the *avant courier* of civilization, led to frequent rows among the Indians, from which there was no individual safety, and petty thieving was also prevalent.

For a defense in times of peril the settlers built stone houses, which were used as forts. Antonie or Anthony Westbrook built one of them in the midst of the village. It was a large structure, nearly



WESTBROOK'S FORT.

[From a photo taken about 1890.]

square, and provided with a row of holes in the stone work at intervals around the second story, through which rifles could be fired upon a be-

sieging force. When the surrounding inhabitants became fearful of harm from their wild neighbors they passed the night, or the perilous occasion, in Westbrook's fort, as it was called.

In 1755 the retributive war brought on by the Lenni Lenape Indians to avenge the frauds and injuries they had endured in Pennsylvania Minisink; overflowed the boundary of the Delaware river, and small bands of lawless Indians came into the New Jersey borders and committed a number of attacks upon persons and property. The alarm thus engendered led to detachments of troops being stationed at nine places at about even distances apart between the Water Gap and Carpenter's Point. Blockhouses were erected for them, and one was built near Minisink village. Rev. J. C. Fryenmoet, the Reformed Dutch minister whose parsonage was located at the village, had named the parsonage Nomanock from the Indian name of the island near it (which was Mgneyack as nearly as the German settlers could pronounce it), and the blockhouse or fort was therefore named Fort Nomanock. A considerable force of soldiery was then stationed there. The presence of the soldiers inspired a feeling of confidence among the settlers along the Mine road, which kept many of them from deserting their farms during the war which was brought to a close through the efforts of the Minsi chief, Tadeuskund, by the treaty of 1758. Many settlers had fled and left their clearings to the benefit of any chance successor. Rev. J. C. Fryenmoet had fled from his charge and taken up a residence in Kingston, so great was the alarm. It was not without reason. Cornelius and Abram Westbrook had been killed through an ambush laid by the Indians scarce a mile from the village. Two Germans had been taken prisoners and a third one killed, while at work in Antonie Westbrook's field almost within sight of Fort Nomanock. Flames from burning homes in Pennsylvania Minisink had been seen often from the fort. Many atrocities had been committed in the neighborhood besides the ones mentioned and in one instance the soldiers from the fort had followed a party of Indians who had captured some women and children, and overtaking them on the west side of the river, had rescued the prisoners with the strings by which they had been led still around their necks.

When Tadeuskund had succeeded in gathering the clans together at Easton in 1758, and the governors of New Jersey and Pennsylvania

had succeeded in getting peace established thereby, a feeling of security settled down into many homes along the frontier. One of them was that of a hardy German whom we shall call Stephen Courtright.* His "clearing," as the settlers were in the habit of calling each other's farms, lay on the Mine road a few miles northeast from Minisink village. He was born in America, but for all that, and that he was forty years old, he spoke a broken English and German language, neither one or the other. He and his family also understood the Minsi language, and although they could not speak it fluently, used many of its idioms in conversation. This was from familiarity with the Indians of the neighborhood, nearly all of whom had gone back across the river about the time hostilities began to appear in 1754, to the more unbroken wilds of Pennsylvania, where game was more plentiful. Even the inhabitants of the ancient Indian castle of Minisink, near the village—whence the name—had deserted it, and the vast cemetery where the Minsi dead of centuries lay, on the river flats south of the island and comprising many acres south of Fort Nomanock, was abandoned.

With the advent of peace in 1758 many Indians resumed their trading at Minisink and brought their bundles of furs for barter as of old. But there was not a resumption of former friendly feelings. The white people were suspicious of them, the Minsi sullen and spiritless.

One chief there was, however, who had been intimate with Stephen Courtright's family for many years, who did not allow the war to interrupt his friendship, and in whom that family reposed great confidence. He was Papenhunk, (Standing Rock) who had been a teacher of the Lenni Lenape faith in the tribe's councils, and was a more than ordinarily intelligent man. Mr. Courtright himself was a good-natured and slow-going man of medium stature, which qualities were balanced by the energy and prompt decision of his wife, who was fully a head taller than he. Their children were: George, the eldest son, of the build and manners of his father; John, the youngest of the family, and about sixteen years old, who showed a predilection for sports and wild manoeuvres; and two daughters: Bethune, about twenty years old, partaking in a moderate degree of her mother's decision and energy, and largely of her stately form; and Freme, younger by two years than Bethune, and largely partaking of her father's characteristics and figure. Both

*This personage is a mythical one.

were attractive and highly intelligent young women, brought up as their mother frequently reminded them, "to know how to do any kind o' work." They each had worked long days upon the flax wheel—



their feet aching from constant action upon it's treadle and the tips of their fingers sore from the friction of the flax between them on it's way to the spindle. Each of them had relieved their mother in turns at the big spinning wheel, and had walked backward and forward as they turned it with one hand and guided the wool rolls with the other, for many long hours. They had carded wool with the hand

cards until their arms at times had ached so that they could not sleep at night—they had hetchelled flax—had worked in the garden—had hoed corn in the field—and were known as industrious good girls throughout the valley. Out of the work they had saved and made for themselves a grand outfit of sheets, pillows, and linen and woolen clothing enough to last an ordinary lifetime.

Yet they were fancy free in affairs of the heart, or at least Freme, the loveliest flower that bloomed in Minisink, was. Of her sister, the state-ly Bethune, it had been rumored that a young farmer from Peenpack, Lemuel VanZandt, had a claim upon her affections, and rumor was not far away from truth in its sayings in that direction. John frequently joked them upon the prospect of their being old maids, and ascribed it to old Tige, the hound leader of the six dogs which kept watch over the plantation.

Peenpack was a nickname for Upper Minisink or Neversink river valley. As early as 1689 the Minsi had procured a blacksmith, William Titsworth, to work for them, and granted him land not far from where Port Jervis now stands. A few years later, the Gumaers, Cuddebacks, and Swartwouts bought lands near there and settled upon them. The settlers who later came into the Orange county neighborhood about Goshen from New York, when they discovered that Germans had been living in peaceful community relations with the Indians in the upper

Minisink valley said that they had "peenpacked" or made a compact with the Redmen. Hence that part of Minisink was known as Peenpack. In 1755, as will be noted, Peenpack had been settled for over half a century and its population had increased in numbers considerably by a constant immigration from Kingston in Ulster county.

"You are bound to be a Peenpacker," was John Courtright's standing taunt to his sister Bethune. Yet there did not seem to be much progress made toward that consummation, for the Minisink Indian war, while it lasted, had practically suspended all social intercourse among neighbors. Even after it's close, for a couple of years traveling was dangerous along the Delaware river road, owing to the bitterness of feeling between the Indians and the whites. But this gradually wore away and in 1762 the old functions of neighborly intercourse began to be resumed. This led to a quilting bee at Nicholas Cole's, in September of that year, and, as it was about the first festive gathering after the war alluded to, drew more than passing notice. He had built a stone domicile or as it was then called, a fort, on the rising plateau from the Delaware river, not far from the Mine road, and about eight miles up the river from Stephen Courtright's. Here one of the worst tragedies of the Minisink war had taken place. A party of thirteen Indians, on the 16th day of May, 1758, rushed into the house, while Mr. Cole was away to the mill at Minisink, and the house temporarily unguarded. One of the attacking party, Mrs. Cole asserted afterwards, was a white man disguised as an Indian. They killed his two daughters, thirteen and four years old respectively, and his eight year old son, also his son-in-law; scalped them, and then putting strings around the necks of Mrs. Cole and her son Jacob, ten years old, led them away captive. When Cole returned home and found the desolation wrought by the Indians, he hurried back to Nomanock and got the soldiers to assist him in pursuing them. This they agreed to do by meeting at two o'clock at night with Cole at a settler's house on the Mine road, from whence it was proposed to cross the Delaware river into Pennsylvania and intercept the Indians, if possible. The soldiers going to the rendezvous in the night, heard the Indians coming down the hill toward the river and laid in wait for them. One of the soldiers fired in advance of orders at the Indians, who fled, and we may add the soldiers fled also, but the savages let go Mrs. Cole and her son whom

they had prisoners. The family thus rescued and bereft received a full assurance of sympathy in many ways from the other settlers. Sympathy was still rife for the family in 1762, and thus it happened that the quilting bee we have mentioned was brought about.

The ladies of the valley pieced from a prearranged design a sufficient number of calico blocks to make a quilt for Mrs. Cole. On the day appointed the blocks were taken by the ladies to Mrs. Cole's, and during the afternoon were sewn together, drawn upon a quilting frame, and with a layer of wool between the lining and blocks, were quilted. This quilting bee had a program similar to all others in those times, of a like nature. The elder ladies went home as the evening approached, but the young ladies remained because they, one and all, had escorts promised to call for them. Bethune and Freme were there, and their lively conversation had helped to make the afternoon a pleasant one. They had a compact made with their brothers, George and John, whereby those two were to come after them and take them home on horseback. Horseback riding was then the fashionable, and we might say, the only method of traveling in vogue. The lady accompanying a gentleman usually took a seat on the horse behind him, and held fast to him. At this particular bee, as the evening progressed, it appeared that about fifteen young ladies were present and about the same number of young men.

First, there was a plentiful supper provided by Mrs. Cole, and after that had been disposed of, a man made his appearance with a fiddle (none of the guests would have recognized it as a violin) and dancing followed. It is not necessary that we recall the names of all who were present. But we do know that Lemuel VanZandt was there, among others from Peenpack, and that Mark VanTuyle was there, from the borders of the Bennin-wasser, as the Germans called the pond or lake in Greenville, N. Y., which later on the merciless Yankees twisted into Binnewater.*

The young ladies wore homespun dresses, and not a few of them in their hair dressing wore "spit curls," as they were called. One feature was plainly noticable, and that was the absence of aristocratic cliques.

* This was an important boundary corner in the description of patents for land granted in very early times, and in the records it was written "Maretange," which was doubtless as near the Indian name as the first settlers could get the Indian pronunciation of it. It was perhaps a name applied to it by the Waranawonkong tribe, because it was not a Minsi name. The Minsi language had no "r" in it.

There was no gathering of a few in one corner as if anxious to attract notice in the role now so well known as that of the select. All met on equal ground.

VanZandt came up to Mark VanTuyle early in the evening and after the usual commonplace greeting of friends, said:

"Mark, which do you think the handsomest girl here iss?" He spoke with a broken mixture of words arising from his using the English language when he was more familiar with the German.

"I have not been here long enough to make a decision," returned Mark.

"Well, I'll say as my mind iss, and you may it decide later on," said Lemuel. "The two handsomest girls you see, the two over there are." He pointed to two young ladies who were sitting nearly opposite them on the other side of the room.

Mark had noticed them before—sisters he was sure—one nearly half a head taller than the other and more prim, if that word conveys sufficiently his impression: both certainly very attractive.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"The tallest one is Miss Bethune Courtright, the other her sister, Miss Freme Courtright."

"Aha, Lem, I think I've heard that you were waiting on a Miss Bethune Courtright. I see now why you have so early decided upon the handsomest lady present."

"Some old woman started that talk about me," replied Lem. "Whenever a girl you take out horseback riding, so sure some woman sees you and tell such talk. Come along and get acquainted." So saying he fairly dragged Mark around to where they were.

"Miss Bethune Courtright and Miss Freme Courtright, this Mr. Mark VanTuyle iss."

The girls arose and curtsied and Mark made an embarrassed bow. They resumed their seats.

"I think we have met before," observed Bethune.

"No," said Freme, "you are mistaken. Isn't she Mr. VanTuyle?"

"I have no recollection of meeting either of you before this evening," said Mark.

"I am convinced I am wrong, for I see now it is another person.

I had reference to Sergeant VanTuyle, of Nomanock fort," said Bethune.

"They do look alike," observed Freme, "but there is a difference."

"Sergeant VanTuyle, * of Nomanock, is an elder brother of mine," said Mark.

"The fiddler is about ready to begin, why not dance?" suggested Lem. "Do you, Mark, ask Miss Bethune and I will ask Miss Freme to be our partners."

"Not so fast Lem," interposed Mark good-naturedly. "Do you ask Miss Bethune. You should not thus honor me by waiving your rights to claim Miss Bethune's pleasant company without her permission. Miss Freme will you dance with me?"

Freme took his arm without a word. Lem on the contrary saw that he had made an error. Bethune accepted his proffered arm for the dance, but her brow was clouded with a vexed expression. It did not escape Mark's observation. Neither did it Freme's. Never had Mark met a more agreeable young lady. That was his first impression. As the evening passed and he conversed longer with her, the first impression grew stronger. At intervals between the dancing he learned that his brother, Sergeant John VanTuyle, had been among the soldiers stationed at the blockhouse or fort at Nicholas Cole's for a time after the Indian murders there, and that Bethune and Freme had often seen him with the other soldiers passing between that place and Nomanock. This was what caused the sisters to notice the resemblance between John and Mark as before expressed.

"Did the Indians attack your house during the war?" asked Mark of Freme.

"No. They had express orders from Tadeuskund and their principal sachems not to cross the Delaware river. The ones who did cross it were very small parties who were led to avenge some wrongs of an individual. The proclamation of Gov. Belcher offering rewards for Indian

* Sergeant VanTuyle with nine soldiers went in pursuit of the Indians that murdered the seven soldiers at Westfall's on the 13th. inst. About four o'clock in the afternoon they espied an Indian when four miles in Pennsylvania; he standing by a sawmill on the Delaware river about five miles above this fort. The Sergeant and his men went along the river and soon saw ten Indians on an island making a raft, whereupon they laid down their packs and hats and crawled up the river opposite the island expecting them to come over. In this posture they lay all night. In the morning three Indians laid down their guns and packs to cross, but rowed the raft up the river 100 yards, our men creeping as they went up. About sunrise they spied an Indian on their side of the river. He gave a war whoop when 14 more rose up and a sharp engagement ensued. Three Indians were killed, the rest fled.—Extract from Jonathan Hampton's letter June 24, 1758, in N. J. Archives, Vol. XX, p. 241. By act of New Jersey General Assembly a medal was awarded to Sergeant John VanTuyle for his bravery.—*Id.* p. 281.

scalps* made the Indians angry and led them to threaten the people of New Jersey. That scared us."

"But the Indians killed Mr. Cole's children here and also some people near Westbrook's fort, and so they must have brought war all around your father's clearing?"

"Father had a great friend among the Indians, a sachem called Pappenhunk," replied Freme. "He seems to be a simple old man, but the Indians place great store by him. He comes to visit us frequently."

"May I see you safe home to-night?" Mark broke in thus abruptly on the theme of conversation because he wanted to take advantage of the opportunity afforded him as he saw their conversation was about to be interrupted.

"Perhaps your horse is not used to carrying double," said she, with a bantering smile.

"He will carry you and I all right."

"I shall have to say no. Brothers George and John are here to take Bethune and I home. I thank you."

Mark could not but notice a regretful tone which seemed to pervade her voice. Nevertheless for lack of suitable words to bridge the awkward chasm caused by the "no" a silence of some duration followed.

Lemuel and Bethune came to them.

"Isn't it time for us to go home?" asked Bethune.

"That will depend on George and John" replied Freme.

"It's early yet," observed Lemuel, without noticing that he was repeating the procrastinating plea used for thousands of years.

Here the music struck up and another dance whirled the assemblage into a vortex of pleasure. As the dance ceased John Courtright called out "A song, lets have a song!" It was seconded from every side. At last a young lady consented to sing. But could the fiddler play the air? She whistled the first part of it. He tried two or more times, following her whistling, at last catching the air. Then he played

*Gov. Belcher, of New Jersey, joined with Pennsylvania in this inhuman offer. His proclamation dated June 29, 1756, is given in N. J. Archives Vol. IX, p. 29. \$130 was offered for the scalp and proof that an Indian over fifteen years old had been destroyed, or \$50 if it was a female. It followed the Pennsylvania scalp offer.

The Indians being together at Bethlehem, Pa., June 15, 1756, with some of the brethren, Wm. Edmonds informed them through interpreter John Pomphrey that Mr. Chas. Reed, of the Jerseys had written him that some white people from Paulins Kill in New Jersey, were gone to scout after and scalp the Indians. Captain Newcastle (Indian) reported that it was dangerous to go out on account of the Jersey parties who were gone out against the Indians.—Rupp's history Northampton Co., p. 101 and 102.

the air through, and when he started it again she sang in an excellent voice a song of the period, known to all of them:

“Ail in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind
When Black-Eyed Susan came aboard.
Oh where shall I my true love find?
Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew?”

There were several verses and while she was singing, all listened.

The young woman was duly applauded, and then several other singers in turn followed, and won their share of applause. At last there was such an universal insistence made upon Freme for a song, that she was literally dragged to the front. The words which she sang to a quaint air then popular, were new to all of them. Her voice was timid, but its sweet vibrations and the local bearing of the song, took her hearers by storm.

“One afternoon in Summer a wandering youth did stray.
He met a sad-faced maiden and this to her did say:—
‘Come tell me now sweet lady so sad you seem and fair,
Why wander you thus lonely by the winding Delaware?’

Said she, ‘Most noble stranger beware the course you take,
Such boldness, words and actions sometimes proclaim a rake;
My love’s a valiant soldier, he’s gone the French to dare,
And I ’wait his returning by the winding Delaware.’

‘Pray listen me far lady and dry those falling tears,
These soldier lads have fickle hearts not worthy of your fears;
They find in town or city a mistress here and there,
He has left you here forever by the winding Delaware.’

Her eyes flashed dangerous lightning which did her grief assuage,
She clenched her fingers tightly and stamped her foot with rage.
‘My love is brave and true sir, to meet with him beware;
Such insults you shall rue sir by the winding Delaware.’

The stranger dropped disguises—he was her soldier lad—
He clasped her to his bosom no longer lone and sad.

‘We’ll married be next Christmas when joy shall banish care
And live and die together by the winding Delaware.’ ”

When the last cadence of her soft and thrilling voice faded upon the ears of the assemblage there arose a tumult of applause. The voice of her brother John was heard high over all, shouting repeatedly, “Sing another song!”

She shook her head. "He does that to tease me and I'll not do it."

First impressions that had charmed Mark had been reinforced by subsequent observations, so that when Freme turned to resume her seat, the roses on her cheeks flushing with triumph danced bewitchingly before his eyes and the echoes of her charming voice entranced his senses. He was a captive and felt that he had met the dear heart for which he longed.

Late that night when the merry party broke up, and the good byes were said, Freme added to it, in addressing Mark, "We shall be pleased to have you call at our house."



CHAPTER II.

ANTOINE FROM "OVER THE SEA."

"So spake the young Frenchman who sailed o'er the sea,
Over the storm-tossed sea:
And his prayer met success, as well you may guess.
For the Puritan maiden, she could but say 'yes' -
Over the storm-tossed sea "

- Charles D Platt.

TWO weeks had elapsed since the quilting bee at Nicholas Cole's and it's impressions in that time had not waned in interest in the minds of some of our friends. Freme had apparently awakened to a new interest in the world about her. Every day while spinning at the wheel, or at other work, in her mind's eye she saw the manly form of Mark VanTuyle, the young farmer from Bennin-Wasser. The expression of interest he had shown in her by voice, looks, and words, came brightly to her memory over and over again. Did the flax thread snap, she mended it apparently without knowing it. Did the bread in the big Dutch oven before the great fire place need turning, she turned it in a mechanical way, as if she saw it not. Before her soul she was debating the old, old story of love, love, love. The wolves howled dismally of nights on the surrounding mountain sides, and panthers screamed sharply, or cried like a child—the foxes barked shrilly on the river flats—the great owl hooted from the thick branched hemlocks. Heretofore she had feared their nightly alarms. Now at night she heeded them not. The sheep were herded in their wolf-proof log-built and log-covered pens. The hogs were fastened in similar pens. The poultry and neat-cattle were housed in the strong log barn. Their security troubled her no more, for in her waking or sleeping moments her soul was wrapt in but one theme: Mark VanTuyle, of Bennin-Wasser. The old log house which was her father's mansion did not confine her thoughts at night. She had noticed the awkward silence which ensued when she had denied Mark's request to accompany her home from the "bee." Would he treasure up a feeling of resentment? No, she reasoned to herself, he was too sensible, too good, not to see and know that George and John, her brothers, were there especially to conduct her home on that occasion. Had she been too forward on that oc-

casion, or too brusque in saying no? She knew that these were trifles, but what is life made of but trifles? Oh love, love, love.

Bethune, however, had allowed a feeling of pique to poison her thoughts on the night of the "bee." With the sharpness of woman's intuition she had noticed the endeavor made by her lover, Lemuel VanZandt, to ingratiate himself in the society of Freme. His proposition on that occasion to invite Freme to dance with him and for herself to dance with Mark VanTuyle, was an affront that rankled sharply and jealously in her mind. Day and night she brooded over it. Yet in the depths of her soul she loved Lemuel VanZandt. For that very reason she argued that it was incumbent upon her to show him that he was not her master—that she must not confess her weakness for him. How was she to do it? Come what might she was determined to prove in some way that she was not subject to his whims of passing fancy. Oh the whims of love, love love.

Their mother noticed the altered behavior of her girls.

"I do believe that Freme is in love with some one," she said one day to her husband.

"Vell, vot of of dat? We'll be lucky if nothing pe bewitched but de gals," he rejoined.

"They seem to be bewitched both ways this time," said John, joining in the conversation. "Freme seems to have jumped in, and I guess Bethune has pretty near jumped out, from their actions."

"That's about right" added George. "See what a determined way Bethune has got, and how meek and happy Freme appears."

"Bewitched eh?" said the old gentleman. "Somehow dese quiltin' frolicks der tuyvil plays mit eferybody. Iss not dot so vife?"

The old lady nodded her head in her usual meek way, but there was a pleased look apparent on her features, as if some reference in the old gentlemen's remarks brought to mind joyful reminiscences.

"One thing I know, there's one of the six weeks old pigs gone," said George.

"Where haf you looked for ze peeg?"

"All 'round the clearing."

"Bewitched!" shouted John.

"Shut up!" said the old gentleman, "It's no use to make fun of dem tings. We vil look for it."

The old man and the boys then sallied forth to look for the missing pig. They penetrated to the surrounding swamps where nut trees abounded, and searched every near by place frequented by the hogs, but did not find it. When the dusk of evening began to settle down they returned to the house.

"By shiminy, dot peeg vill come home if he iss alive soon now; we vill put de odders in de pens," observed the old man.

Accordingly the animals were secured for the night.

"Dot peeg will come home soon now if effer," said the old man, after they had gathered in the house and partaken of supper.

"What if we should hear the pig come a squeakin' through the air under a witch's arm?" said John.

"Do?" said his father. "I'd shoot de witch mit a silver bullet. Dis Spanish shillin' I haf reddy. De minit ve hear de alarm I'd bend it up so—"

"Bend what, the alarm?" asked John mischievously.

"Stop dot! How often I dells you, stop dot? You know I mean de shillin'."

"Well father, what then?"

"Never mind John, he's only joking," said George.

"Den I'd ram it mit de ramrod on de load in de rifle and shoot mit it."

"But there would be the lead bullet in the rifle too and if lead will not hurt a witch it might kill the pig, and knock the silver bullet out of the way."

"Dot's so—What's dot?"

Upon the calm still air of the night came the shrill squeal of a pig. It was followed by squeal after squeal as if the animal was in a desperate struggle.

"Run boys, run!" shouted the old man.

"All of them clutched their rifles and hurried out. The dogs were scurrying toward the mountain and barking furiously; but loud as were the echoes of their onset, still louder the shrill squeals of that pig echoed over Minisink. George and John ran on after the dogs as fast as possible, while the old gentleman brought up the rear puffing and blowing with the unusual exertions he was making to keep up, and swearing more or less at the impediments he encountered. On went the chase. Somehow, whatever it was that carried the pig made marve-

lous speed through the thick laurels, rocks, and fallen trunks of trees which littered the ground underneath the mountain forest. It was fully a mile from the clearing before the roaring of the dogs became stationary and their masters knew by that that the animal which held the pig was brought to bay. It was some time after that when George and John came to the spot. The dogs were barking furiously up a monster hemlock, from the upper limbs of which came the squeals of the pig evidently getting weaker.

The boys walked around the tree cautiously but saw nothing in the tree. Stephen soon came up.

"Bar or painter, vich iss it poys?"

"I think I heard it growl, and I guess its a painter," replied George.

"Come around here mit dot gun, Shorge. I see de varmint."

George accordingly worked his way around beside his father, and gazed searchingly into the tree top. "I see a twinklin' flash of fire."

"That's von of de varmint's eyes" said the old man, "Shoot it, but above all tings save de peeg!"

He spoke too late for at that very instant the pig gave a terrible squeal and came crashing down through the limbs till it struck the ground with a thud—dead. The dogs made a rush toward it but he checked them. "Off Tige! Out of dot ye flop eared devils! Can't you understand dots de peeg?"

"I see the critter's eyes!" shouted George.

"Fall back! It's a painter py shiminy! Ven he drops look oud!" cried the old man forging to get farther away in such haste that he did not wait to turn around. In consequence he speedily caught his heels against a laurel vine and literally obeyed his own command by "falling back" upon his back.

"Look out now, I'm going to shoot!"

"Ven you shoots den run away queek!" said his father, making speed away on his hands and knees.

George carefully secured a rest for his rifle against the side of a near by tree, and by the aid of the moonbeams which struggled through the foliage to the rifle barrel sighted it at two glowing orbs of fire-like brilliancy which shone out of the darkness in the thick hemlock tree top. Then he pulled the trigger. The flint struck the apron of the lock, raised it and a tiny spark dropped in the powder in the pan. A flash there, then a more vivid one from the muzzle was followed by a

roar like that of a sixpounder cannon, for those old flint lock rifles usually carried two ounces of powder. While its echoes were bounding from mountain side to mountain side over the Delaware Valley startling the stillness of night, there came a sound of convulsive struggling in the tree top, and bits of bark came rattling down.

"Stand py, Tige! Go for 'im ye flop eared devils!" shouted Stephen.

Then a crash was heard among the branches, as with terrible growls and screams the wounded animal fell from claw-hold to claw-hold through the tree top, and to the ground with a thud which fairly jarred it. In its dying agony the animal raised itself upon its feet, and met the onset of the dogs fiercely. Their fierce howls, the victim's horrible screams, and the shouts of Stephen and his sons made a terrific din. But the excitement was soon over. The strange animal was dead. Assured of this the boys rushed to and dragged it out into the moonlight. The dogs had been terribly punished by it. They were gashed and torn nearly all over by its powerful paws.

"Py shimini dot vas a painter! He is more as six feet long! Look at dem paws!" exclaimed Stephen.

"He could have carried off a big calf." said George.

"You hit him right plump in the head. It was a good shot," said John.

"Ah, but dot peeg is dead! He was bewitched away from de rest—and dot witch is free now to try again. Dot is pad luck!" groaned the old man.

"Where was that silver bullet of yours all this time?" asked John.

"Stop dot fun makin, Shon! How often I dells you to stop dot! De witches it only provokes de more." In addition however the old man muttered to himself; "I did forget dot shillin, dots sure. Had I thought of it, and killed dot painter mit it I'd a killed dot old witch. Now dere's swei more dimes I'll suffer."

The next morning the skin of the panther flesh side out was stretched and nailed on the side of the barn of which it covered nearly the one third.

In the afternoon following that morning the dogs led by Old Tige, who, suffering as he was from wounds, still felt aggressive, were aroused to furious activity by the approach of two horse-men near the house from toward Ncmanock. Stephen ordered the dogs to be quiet, and as the horse-men came nearer he recogniz-

ed one of them as Isaac Hull, sheriff of the county.* His companion was a younger man, say of 28 to 30 years old. They came on straight up to the door of the Courtright dwelling and dismounted. Sheriff Hull was a plain unassuming man, his companion was the opposite. The stranger wore a foreign shaped hat, a waistcoat of fine cloth trimmed with silver lace, a white shirt front ruffled and pleated, pantaloons fastened at the knee with silver buckles, and fine hose and shoes. After the sheriff had shaken hands with Mr. Courtright he said:—

“Stephen this is Antoine Dutot who is looking through the country having an idea to buy a tract of land if he finds what he likes.”

“How-de-do Mr. Dutot,” responded Stephen.

“Your servant, Monsieur,” said that gentleman, bowing.

“Won’t you walk into the house gentlemen?”

“I don’t care if I do Stephen, for a few minutes,” said Sheriff Hull. Tying their horses to trees near by they followed the old gentleman into his cabin.

“Sheriff Hull and Mr. Dutot, dis is my wife and daughters, Bethune and Freme,” said he, designating the ones he mentioned by a wave of his hand. “My boys Shorge and Shon are at Minisink dis afternoon.”

Mrs. Courtright and the girls, who had been ironing and spinning, at the entrance of the party had quit work and taken seats. They rose and curtsied to the new comers. The sheriff acknowledged it by a familiar “how-de-do ladies,” but the stranger took off his hat and made a sweeping bow. They noticed that besides his fashionable attire, his hair, braided into a queue—glistening with a whitish powder and perfumed—hung down his back.

“Oui ze pleasure Ma’amselles,” said he. Then straightening up and observing that the sheriff had taken a chair by the old gentlemen, he took a chair and seated himself by the ladies. This it happened was next Bethune.

“Ze very fine day, Ma’amselle.”

“Indeed sir it is,” responded Bethune in a formal tone.

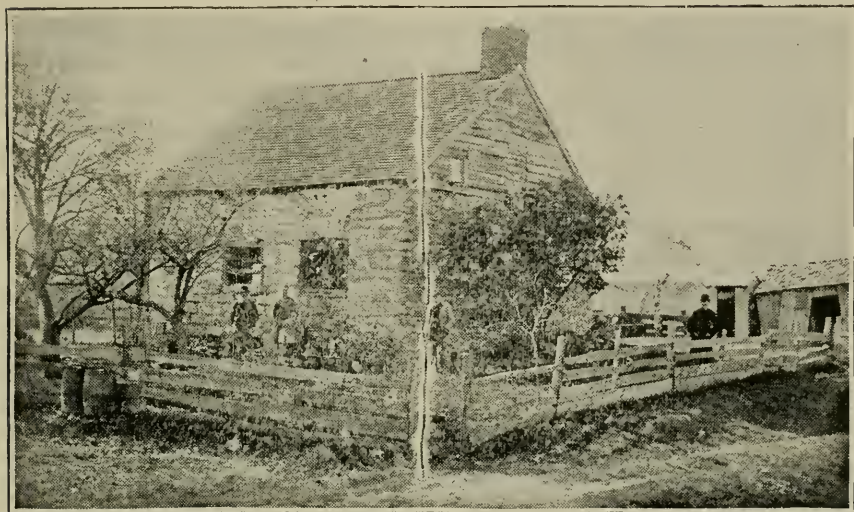
“Zis your always home?”

We have always lived here.”

*He was appointed in 1760.

"Excuse me Ma'amselle, but so educated you are, in zis great wilder-ness. Where ze school house was?"

"We went to school to Mr. Ennis' on the river flats."*



ENNIS' HOUSE.

[From a photo taken in 1890. This is called the Alexander Ennis house.]

"Excuse me ze poor English I speak ladies. Me one year in zis countree."

"You are from France I presume?" Bethune ventured on this interrogation upon the belief that his French pronunciation justified it.

"Vera right Ma'amselle. In zat great countree I haf ze honor of ze nativity. There I at school attended. After it I reside in San Do-

*This first instructor was one Wm. Ennis, already mentioned as an early settler. He was an able teacher and a worthy man. He was skillful in preparing quill pens for the scholars.—Hist. Sussex and Warren, p. 421.

William Ennis, son of William and Cornelia Viervant Ennis, married Elizabeth Quick, a sister to "Tom." Quick and was the first school teacher in Sussex county, beginning with the year 1740, when he came into the Delaware valley from Kingston, N. Y. His house stood about two miles below the present Erick House. He had but one arm. He bought a tract of land in Sandyston in 1751. His children were baptised: Cornelia, June 4, 1741; Benjamin, May 3, 1743; Daniel, Dec. 8, 1745; Margaret, July 17, 1748; Joseph, Aug. 18, 1751; John, March, 24, 1754; Cornelius, June 19, 1757; Alexander, Aug. 19, 1759. Benjamin was killed in a battle with the Indians on Raymondskill creek, Pa., April 21, 1760. Daniel died in 1846 in Owasco, Cayuga Co., N. Y. His will probated in Sussex Co., N. J., Oct. 5, 1837, leaves real estate in Montague, also in Sodus and Owasco, N. Y., to be divided in 9 shares: given to daughters Ruth Shimer, Elenor Ennis, Elizabeth VanEtten and son Alexander; daughter Tolly's children—Moses, Aaron, William, John, David, Thomas, Polly and Fannie Dexter; grandsons Daniel Westbrook and sister Elenor; granddaughters Lydia E. Adams; Sally, wife of Joseph Westbrook; also son of Antiel Ennis. Daniel, son of Daniel, born Dec. 10, 1832, died Nov. 1, 1902, at Sparrowbush, N. Y. John Ennis served as a private soldier in the Revolutionary war.

mingo. Ah, ze bandit countree! There I tarry; there my young bride died by ze assassin. Ah ze bandit countree! It I fly from to save my life."

By this time the sheriff had led the conversation with his host to a business matter. He drew a paper from his pocket and proceeded to read it to his listener. It drew the attention of all present and quiet reigned while the reading progressed. When it was concluded the sheriff handed the old gentleman another document saying, "herewith I hand you a copy of it as I am required to do by law."

"This is an unpleasant duty Mr. Courtright, but as an official of the county I must do my duty."

"What iss it mean?" asked his listener.

"Why it's a part of the disputes between New York and New Jersey, as to which of them shall own this part of Jersey."

"Yaw I haf heard of him for years and years."

"Well, in the first place the Duke of York gave a deed to George Cartaret and Lord Berkely in 1664 of New Jersey which extended from 41.40 degrees of latitude on Hudson's river to to the northern-most branch of the Delaware river. This branch is claimed to be a creek at Cohecton on the Delaware by New Jersey, while New York state claims that the branch meant is the Lehigh river. The New Jersey owners have sold lands in this section to you and to others, while New York state parties got a deed from Queen Anne in 1703 called the Minisink Patent, which covers all this section. Thus it appears to have been twice sold. The New Jersey people have possession. The New York people want possession. Ebenezer Willson, who has brought this suit against you claims the land in this vicinity because he is owner of a share in the Minisink Patent, which covers the land you live on. He is going to see if the courts will not sustain his claim and put you off. That is what the paper means." Sheriff Hull paused after he had explained the matter clearly as he supposed, to answer any question his listener might ask.

"I such things haf heard," said Stephen. "Such things I haf seen too. De Orange county sheriff and his constables, and de Jersey constables haf I seen go dis vay and that, in de lawsuits of Vestprook and Swartwoot and others in Peenpack ven I a poy vas. Little did I tink dot I such trouble should haf."

"What big animal's skin is that you have put up to dry on the side of the barn?" asked the sheriff to change the subject.

"I will show you dot. A painter dot iss as is a painter. Shorge shot it last night." So saying the old gentleman and the sheriff put on their hats and went out to measure it and talk it over.

Antoine Dutot remained by the side of the girls. He seemed to find them magnetic.

"Ze Redmen, ze savage, live near you ladies. Have za not attacked your home?"

"No." Mrs. Courtright took it upon her to reply. "They have not molested us. We have a very good friend among them."

"A frent! Ah, Madam, you surprise me! Ze Redman I was told was one terrible. No frent, no kind, von savage."

"We think their wars are to revenge wrongs. Sometimes when they find it impossible to get justice done them by men in authority they get desperate in their helplessness and strike at all within reach." Freme spoke thus quite earnestly as if she had viewed both people's pretensions and found some reason in the Redman's.

Bethune added: "They thought they had suffered wrongs from the white people in Pennsylvania Minisink, and their masters (the Six Nations) gave them permission to take revenge, or in other words to get redress. But when the Governors offered rewards for killing them, and bad white men went out to hunt them just the same as they did for wolves, to get the reward, then did they strike back in all ways they could. Ah, Sir, there are some affairs in this world which never can be made right."

"Vera right of you Miss—Miss—"

"Bethune," said her mother.

"Vera kind of you Miss Bethune. Ah, zere come Mr. Hull. I him hear call me. I must go." So saying Mr. Dutot arose and bowed to each of the ladies.

"You must call and see us again," said Mrs. Courtright.

"Yes, do!" chorused the girls.

"Wiz ze great pleasure. Adieu."

With that he left the house and in a few moments was seen riding away down the road by the sheriff's side.

"What a conceited fop!" said Mrs. Courtright.

"Just the politest man I ever saw," said Bethune.

"Lem. VanZandt is worth five hundred of him, don't you think so?" said Freme.

"And I suppose Mark VanTuyle would be worth one thousand of either one of them in your estimation," retorted Bethune.

"Mark and Lem. are both very good young men, but I don't see why you are comparing them with this gay Frenchman?" said the old lady.

"Why mother, can't you see that Freme started in to make believe that I was tied fast to Lemuel VanZandt? I was only letting her know that we can see that she is more tied up in Mark VanTuyle than I've ever been in Lemuel. At Nicholas Cole's the other night Lem. tried to get Mark to take me off his hands that he could wait on Freme, and I'm not going to stand it."

"Pshaw," said the old lady; "you ought not to get jealous of one another."

Freme was blushing furiously, but very wisely said no more on the subject. Bethune however was aroused.

"I'm just going to set my cap for this Mr. Dutot, that I am!" she declared vehemently.

By this time the old gentleman had returned to the house and he laid the document the sheriff handed him before them. It read:

"GEORGE THE THIRD, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, Scotland and Ireland, and dependencies in America, King, Defender of the faith, etc., greeting:—

SUPREME COURT.

Ebenezer Willson	}	Province of New Jersey,
vs.		County of Sussex.
Stephen Courtright.	}	Before Samuel Neville, Esq., Judge.

You, Stephen Courtright, a resident of the Township of Montague, in the said county and province, defendant, are hereby summoned to be and appear at a session of the said court to be holden in and for said county, at the house of Thomas Wolverton, near Newtown in said county, on the second Tuesday of December next ensuing at ten o'clock of the forenoon of said day, then and there to answer to what may be objected against you in the complaint of Ebenezer Willson, the plaintiff in the above entitled action, of the city, county, and province of New York; and you are further herein notified that in case you fail to appear and answer as aforesaid, the said plaintiff shall by virtue of such default be at liberty to take judgement against you for the possession of certain lands and tenements now occupied by you in said

township of Montague, butted and bounded as follows: (here was a description of the metes and bounds of his farm) and for the further relief demanded in said complaint.

Witness my hand and seal of the said court this 15th. day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty-two and of His Majesty's the second.

SAMUEL NEVILLE, Judge.

VINCENT MATHEWS,

Attorney for the Plaintiff.

Stephen groaned as he finished reading it and his wife sat down in a dazed way.

"Must we move away from here?" she asked.

"Der tuyvil no. Ve must ein lawyer hire, and dot shudge show dot dis land I bought of him."

"What is the name?"

"Neville—Samuel Neville. Of him dis land I puyt. Maybe now he it was dot sold it to Willson too?"

"Yes, I know your deed is from Samuel Neville. He surely will not allow you to be turned off," said his wife.

"Ah vife, vife, how can you tell? We are pewitched! I find ein cow in de corn now swei times, and de fence goot all 'round. Dat peeg was hid de afternoon of yesterday, and ven it was returned dot painter cocht it, and killed it, pefore I could shoot it mit de silver. Now everything 'michty' as Papenhunk says."

The old lady's eyes swam in tears at the prospect of coming trouble, and her husband groaned as he looked down the road where the sheriff and his companion had so recently gone. The girls sat in silence and gazed vaguely out at the wild forest scenery before them—Bethune busy with her thoughts of Antoine Dutot and the prospect some time of being able to show her lover, Lemuel, (although she still loved him) that she was still free—Freme busy with the thought that, now trouble was coming upon them, how brave and noble of Mark VanTuyle it would be if he should come to her father's rescue like the knights of old who she had read of in the primer.

CHAPTER III.

MARK AND LEMUEL.

"Indulge my native land, indulge the tear
That steals, impassioned, o'er a nation's doom.
To me, each twig from Adam's stock is near,
And sorrows fall upon an Indian's tomb "

—Dr. Dwight.

AS we have seen, pretty Freme Courtright had been greatly impressed with the appearance of Mark VanTuyle. Indeed the old adage of love at first sight might very appropriately be said to have found a very firm lodging in her mind. But with him it had taken a still stronger hold upon his fancy. Fancy shall I say? Nay. He would have scorned to think that the hold she had gained in his mind was upon his fancy only. Fancy is too expressive of changableness, as applied to his thoughts of her to be a fitting expression of the feeling he had towards her. It was, he felt, to belong to an eternity co-extensive with his own. An attraction which, come what might, could never be obliterated. There was good ground for this superstructure of love. The most stoical man could not have helped a feeling of admiration for that young lady—fresh in the beauty of a young and pure type of womanhood—a blossom of rare magnetism blooming as it were in a setting of dark forests, rugged mountains, and great rivers. How much more then, we can estimate that feeling of admiration to be increased when it had a lodgement in the soul of a young man who had suffered no disappointments and consequently was not stoical, who felt that all that was lovely in life deserved to be and should be admired!

His work on the farm suffered. Mechanically he went on the usual routine of farm work, but aside from that, much was neglected. His day dreams of Freme as he saw her at the quilting bee—the white and red-like roses blended on her cheeks, health and virtue visible in every tone of her voice and in her manners, and intelligence sparkling in her blue eyes—went on continually, for at night they were simply the same. It was with him as with Freme, the old, old story of love, still love. His father found some fault with his unusual neglect but said little, "for he had been young once himself."

Mark's main problem was to ascertain a plan whereby he might call upon her. Excuses he projected for presentation to his parents for his absence without revealing his destination, but one after another were abandoned. Day after day passed away and he was apparently no nearer the object he aimed at, until nearly two weeks had elapsed. Then he arose early one Sunday morning with a desperate resolution uppermost in his mind. He had determined to go and call upon Freme at all hazards. He had resolved further to make the journey on foot so that his parents would not mistrust his destination. Owing to the length of the journey he made the start in the middle of the forenoon. His route led through the mountain gap between what is now Greenville and Tri-States, in Orange county, N. Y.

His new buckskin trousers were faultlessly clean, his coon skin cap neat, his home-spun and home-made coat a good fit. He carried with him a rifle and a plentiful supply of powder and shot, for although since the Minisink war no conflicts were reported on the east side of the Delaware river, yet every person at work or in traveling went armed. By the time he reached the mountain summit the sun was well up in the heavens, and when the valleys of the Delaware and Neversink rivers came into view west of the mountain a magnificent scene was presented. From the westward the lordly Delaware river swept through its environment of mountains* toward him and curved at the junction of the Neversink to the southward. From the north the sparkling waters of the Neversink wound their tortuous way through the forests to that junction. From their waters immense clouds of fog in fantastic shapes and tipped with rainbow colors had risen with the sun and hung in the heavens. Underneath them to westward lay the Pennsylvania forests and the Kittatinny mountains, while sharply at his left hand lay the westward declination of Pahoqualin or Minisink mountain. The only clearings in view were afar off, a few fields and some habitations, which made up Peenpack along the Neversink on his right.

His path was an old Indian trail well defined by blazed trees frequently on either side. On down the mountain he followed it's maze-like twistings, until it crossed the old Mine road at what is now Carpenter's Point. Then he turned down that road. Scarcely had he done so when

*The mountains extending into Sullivan county, New York, were named by the Indians, "Co-sheightou" in English. Cocheetou.

he heard a footstep. He had heard numerous tales that were afloat of murders and robberies on the Mine road, some due to Indian retaliation, but not always due to Indian ferocity. This footfall he knew was that of a white man for it sounded harsh and loud, while his observation was that an Indian's footfall was as soft as a mouse's. He instantly withdrew into the dense thicket of laurels which skirted the road and hid to await developments. The footsteps came nearer and soon the rugged form of a young man whom he recognized as Lem. VanZandt appeared. When that young man arrived at the spot where Mark had stopped in the road he halted and began to examine the ground. The thin grass that grew in the middle of the road had been pressed down in places by Mark's feet, and VanZandt scanned it carefully as if to determine whether it was the footprint of a red or white man. He was dressed similarly to Mark, and had evidently his Sunday suit on. Mark kept silent for some moments. At last he shouted:—

"Well, Lem. what do you think of it?"

VanZandt, startled by the voice, stepped back and eyed his surroundings sharply. His face however was quickly covered by a flash of good humor.

"Hello you, Mark VanTuyle! I know your voice. Come out and show yourself."

In response Mark worked his way back into the road.

"I had just made up my mind dat dese big footprints must be yours," said Lem.

"And I had just figured out how easy it would have been, had I been an Indian, to have taken Lemuel VanZandt's scalp," laughingly replied Mark.

"Perhaps you didn't count on dis gun," said VanZandt, holding up his rifle.

"It wouldn't have been any good to you had an Indian been in my place. He would have had your scalp before you would have remembered that you had any gun."

"Maybe so. But which way now de hunt leads, eh?"

"Well I think I can guess where Lem. had started for," said Mark.

"And I think Mark had started for von Steve Courtright's, eh?" said Lem.

"Agreed," said Mark.

The two friends accordingly walked on down the old road. VanZandt by comparison was half a head taller than Mark. His hair and eyes were dark, his form erect and muscular, but not fleshy. Mark was of a light complexion, light blue eyes, and fair hair.

"What think you? Would it not safer be for us to go through de woods?" queried VanZandt.

"This road gives Indians or robbers some fine opportunities. Look at the monstrous trees on either side of it, mainly hemlocks, whose dense foliage makes it dark here even in this bright day, while underneath them are piled their decaying predecessors, for untold ages overgrown with laurel. Fit hiding places for rattlesnakes, pilots, or murderers!"

"True enough," said VanZandt, "but for all zat during de four years of de Indian war there were but twenty-four persons killed on dis side of de river.* There have been no persons disturbed along dis road for four years since dat. People go over it often now. I guess we'll risk it."

"All right," replied Mark, "I'm with you."

Accordingly they walked on down the road keeping a fairly good lookout around them and discussing among other subjects their contemplated visit. Both of them had about the same reasons for undertaking the journey on foot—horses overworked in clearing up new ground, and a whole day before them on this Sabbath at the start. Mark talked with candor to Lem. about the way in which the latter had so publicly hurt Bethune's feelings at the quilting bee. He disclaimed any in-

*This estimate quoted from an historical document is as nearly accurate as possible. During the great confusion of moving families and exaggerated reports, which were a feature of that Indian war, persons killed in Pennsylvania and New York were often included in the Jersey list. From the most authentic reports the following seems accurate: "List of killed in Jersey Minisink since May, 1757: Jacob VanCamp and Peter Brink, May 2nd.; John Pressler, May 15th., 1758; Bastian Kontract and Mary Kirkendall when the boy shot the Indian Armstrong, June 12th., 1758; eight men at Uriah Westfall's, June 13th., 1758; Wm. Ward, June 13th., 1758; three Jersey-men who went into Pennsylvania July 14th., 1758.—VOL. XX, p. 242 and 243, N. J. Archives. 32 are named, but of that number some were possibly not residents of New Jersey. Reports from Northampton county, Pa., in 1755, gave as killed Benjamin Tidd and 10 of his family, and say that Benj. Tidd's, Wm. Tidd's and John Tidd's houses were burned.—VOL. XX p. 571, 572. We have been unable to locate such a settlement in Pennsylvania. We find in the very early history of Northampton county, that there was a James and a John Tidd killed there, but Benj. Tidd's settlement is not mentioned. May not the name Tidd be the one, which perverted to Tibb, has given the name to Tibbs Meadow in Sandyston township in Sussex county now owned by Asher Snook, and where are the ruins of houses, a graveyard, and fences, indicative of a considerable settlement, which was wholly wiped out by an Indian massacre?

tention to injure her feelings, claiming that if he made any mistake he did it out of overzeal in politeness. Mark, however, gave him plain notice that in this Sunday visit he had resolved to pay particular address to Freme. Lem. made no direct answer as to whether he should agree to solely pay attention to Bethune, but inferred that circumstances should govern his conduct. Thus busily engaged they progressed past Nicholas Cole's without interruption. They passed through a great stretch of burned timber, where for a long distance the bare, branchless, and leafless trunks of blackened trees stood up like spindles on either side of the road, marking the scene of a forest conflagration, which occurred almost every year in some parts of the surrounding wilderness. Then the road wound around a mountainous projection into heavy timber again. They knew that they were now not far from Stephen Courtright's.

"Hush!" said Mark, suddenly stopping and checking his companion's progress. "Did you not hear something?"

Lem. stopped, and without replying stood perfectly still by Mark's side. For a few moments they listened without hearing any sound, but then they caught a distinct but slight rattling sound, as of the jingle of iron trappings, some distance ahead of them and out of sight owing to the curve in the road.

"Let's hide!" whispered one of them to the other.

"Don't make any noise whatever you do" was the reply.

Upon this they stole softly up among the rocky ledges to their left and lay there concealed in such a way that they could see the road plainly through the laurel stems. The rattle was heard by them again and again and was drawing nearer, as they judged from the increased plainness of the sound. Eventually the cause of it came to view. It was an Indian, evidently on the war path. His body was bare from the waist up and painted with figures of birds and animals, among which stood out prominently on his chest an outline sketch of a turkey—the totem of his tribe, the Wunalichtgo. Black and red circles on his face told that he was going to war. Upon his shoulder he carried a rifle and from the leather belt at his waist hung powder horn, scalping knife and tomahawk. The handle of the latter had occasionally rattled against the powder horn as he walked and produced the sound which the young men had heard

and taken warning from. On he came up the road at a swinging gait, with a strict watch ahead and around him. When he had arrived within a few rods of where the young men had left the road he stopped suddenly and looked around him. The hearts of Mark and Lem. beat violently. They were sure they had made no noise to alarm him.



It was plain that he had heard something, however, for he swung the rifle off his shoulder into the grasp of both his hands, and stooped down to examine the grass and road bed around him. He straightened up with a plain expression of manner which denoted that he suspected an enemy was near. He examined the priming in the pan of his rifle lock and kept it cocked whilst he put the stock to his shoulder as if to be ready to bring the rifle to aim in an instant. Then with a stealthy step he moved as if to glide into the forest on the same side of the road on which the two watchers lay. That footstep was his last. A vivid flash from the thicket on the opposite side of the road was followed by a roar which almost deafened the two hidden watchers of the mysterious scene. The Indian tumbled in a heap on the edge of the road, with blood running from his head.

He had scarcely fallen and the smoke of the rifle had moved its blue wreaths not over a foot over the heads of the actors in the terrible drama, when a tall, muscular man rushed from the direction in which the shot came. If the faces of Mark and Lem. had paled when the Indian fell, they were surely blanched by fear when they saw the stranger rush toward his fallen victim. Old dirty and worn buckskin pantaloons encased his legs and feet. A blanket was

around his shoulders Indian fashion, a coon skin cap upon his head, around which long matted hair and whiskers protruded. His face, dirty and unshorn, was made absolutely fiendish in appearance by grey eyes which just then gleamed with devilish ferocity. Placing one foot on the neck of the Indian, whose muscles were twitching in the agonies of death he dropped the long rifle he carried in one hand to the ground, and with his other hand drew from a belt at his waist a sharp knife. Grasping the long tuft of hair, in which feathers were entwined, which hung from the top of the Indian's head, in his left hand, he wound it firmly around his hand and then drew the scalp up slightly from the skull with a powerful grasp. With two or three strokes he cut the skin around it with his keen knife, and then a strong pull by his other hand tore it loose from the head. As it came loose he swung it, dripping with blood, aloft in the air, with a shout which sounded more like the howl of a wild beast than the exultation of a brave victor, and picking up his rifle and that of the Indian's, plunged back into the thicket from whence he had emerged.

The two hidden friends remained silent for some time after he had disappeared. At last VanZandt whispered:

"Dot was awful—so it was."

"Was!" exclaimed Mark. "It is an awful scene yet."

The gory corpse of the unfortunate redman was quivering with its muscular action before them.

"Dot was robbery worse dan murder" whispered VanZandt.

"Yet all he got was the Indian's rifle and ammunition. A paltry recompense for such a crime," said Mark.

"Dat was de least. Dot scalp he'll get \$130 for in Fillidelfi or Burlington. * That iss what he was after—so it was," rejoined VanZandt.

"Then he'll not bother us. Our scalps are no good."

"No. He would not have molested us had we gone past his hiding place. He no doubt saw us and knew we were hidden here, but was in wait for that Indian."

"Just so. He probably got sight of de red chap when he crossed de

* The reward offered was in pounds sterling, and its equivalent in present currency was about as here given. Some authorities claim that the scalp money offered was about equal to \$50 of New Jersey money at that time.

river below and had got ahead of him and was ready in dis place to get dat scalp."

"Let's get away from here."

"Shall we go on?"

"Let's go home!"

"Just as you say Mark, but we had better separate and each go back through de woods alone so as not too much noise to make."

"Here we go then. Good bye!"

"Good bye!"

They strolled apart, carefully directing their movements to avoid noise, and turned their faces homeward on the mountain side, where each very soon lost sight of the other. VanZandt was no sooner fairly out of sight and hearing of Mark, than the latter stopped.

He reasoned with himself that on second thought it might be very impolitic for him and for Lem. to return home, and leave the Indian's corpse lying in the road to be discovered by some one else. This reasoning determined him to turn and go to Courtright's at all hazards. There he would report what he had seen, and by thus quickly giving notice of the murder avoid a lodgment of suspicion against himself and his companion.



CHAPTER IV.

MASKANATO'S REVENGE.

“He quickly left his comrades there,
 And moved with caution everywhere
 O'er secret routes; and often crept
 At night where e'er they camped or slept,
 And picking from their midst a foe,
 Would fire! Then like an elk would go,
 While those who followed as he fled
 Found him too soon, and joined the dead.”
 —Purdy.

ON the Sunday mentioned in the last chapter, after dinner had been partaken of by Stephen Courtright's family, the conversation turned upon the suit brought by Ebenezer Willson against him.

“Zwei misfortunes in a week” groaned the old man, “iss enough to convince anyone. A witch it iss dat haf brought dem on us.”

“I heard strange noises in the air last night. It made me think of the last new moon which I first saw over my left shoulder. I was sure it would bring us bad luck,” said Mrs. Courtright.

“Maybe it was the wind you heard mother,” remarked Bethune, who with Freme was washing the dinner dishes and clearing up the table.

“No, it was different,” said the old lady. “I heard the wind blowing too, and it did blow for certain by spells. I awoke somewheres about midnight. I heard the wind raging around, but between the gusts once or twice I heard a crying down the chimney just as if some one was at the top a mourning. It sounded like a woman's voice. First it would mourn kindly softly like and then would raise it's cry until it was a kind of a shriek, and the wind would catch it and I could hear it skirling off towards the mountain till it got out of hearing. Then it would stop for a spell. Then begin again. I was a notion to wake you up, but it stopped, and as I heard no more of it I fell asleep.”

“Not a thing haf I done to make any witch bring dese bad lucks,” said the old man.

“Why wouldn't it be a good plan to nail a horseshoe over the door,” suggested George.

“A horseshoe would be no good unless it had been found by

some of us," said the elder lady.

"I found one down near Minisink when I went to the mill the other day," said John.

"Go and get it," said George.

John was gone but a few moments and brought in the horseshoe, an old rusty one, which had evidently been worn until it was too thin for more wear.

"Let me scour that a little before you nail it up," said Freme.

"Der tuyvil no! Why girl don't you know dot would sure de witches make mad?" hastily exclaimed the old gentleman.

George got some nails and a hammer and proceeded to nail the shoe over the centre of the door. This was only accomplished after a number of preliminaries had been observed which were supposed—according to tradition—to ward off witch influence. Just as he drove the last nail there came a series of barks from the dogs, and old Tige led the pack to the eastward across the road and the clearing to the forest beyond, all barking furiously.

"Another painter I guess," said George.

"Like enough," said his mother. "They do say they travel in pairs, and maybe this is the mate of the one you killed."

"Perhaps mother it was the panther which you heard screaming in the night instead of the witches," said Freme.

The old gentleman and his sons took down their rifles and looked after the priming and flints. Then they went out and followed after the dogs, who were still barking as if on the trail of big game. George and John hurried forward and left the old gentleman to follow. The dogs barked now as if they had the object in view driven to it's refuge.

"Hurry up poys!" shouted the old man.

"Get that silver shillin' ready dad, so's to shoot the witch?" shouted John to him.

"Dot I haf!" he rejoined.

Just then, as they neared the timber in which the dogs were barking, they heard the sound of a human voice apparently endeavoring to placate the dogs.

"Hurry up dad!" shouted John to his father. "If you want to get a shot with that silver bullet and kill the witch."

"Yaw, yaw, I comes!"

By this time the young men had arrived in sight of the dogs, which were jumping up the trunk of a tree and falling down in repeated efforts to get at something which sat in it's limbs a short distance above their heads.

"Well if that don't beat me!" exclaimed John. "It's a human bein'!"

"Call off your dogs!" shouted the object in the tree.

"Hold on Tige. Shut up, the rest of you!" ordered George, addressing the hounds.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed John. "Come on dad with that silver shillin' for here's the best chance to get even with the witches you will ever have."

"Why it's Mark VanTuyle!" called George to John.

"To be sure I am Mark VanTuyle," said a voice from the tree, "and I'll be much obliged to you if you'll keep your savage dogs from taking hold of me."

By this time the old gentleman came up, the dogs were quieted, Mark came down from his perch, shook hands with them, and explained that being quite sure the clearing was Mr. Courtright's he had ventured into it, whence the dogs had forced him to a tree for safety.

"If dad had shot at him with that silver shillin', whispered John to George, "I can tell who the witch is that would a suffered. Can't you?"

George and John explained to their father that Mark was an acquaintance of theirs made at Nicholas Cole's quilting bee.

"De dogs wouldn't have acted so bad had you followed de road," he said to Mark.

"I certainly expected to come by the road, but back up the road here a bit I got scared off it. I and Lemuel VanZandt were coming to your house, and were walking along perhaps a mile or more from here, when we met an Indian."

"Met an Indian!" exclaimed his hearers.

"Yes, an Indian with his war paint on."

"No war has been declared that I have heard of," said George.

"I dells you," said his father. "Some Indians haf been killed py white men to get their scalps. Dis has been a brother or other relative of one so murdered, on de war path for vengeance."

"We luckily saw him" continued Mark, "before he saw us, and we hid. Then we witnessed one of the most awful scenes I have ever beheld. The Indian apparently mistrusted that an enemy was near him. He halted in the road and examined some marks in it. Some one had evidently crossed there or been there before we came up, because we had not been as far on the road as where he stood. From what marks he saw he quickly turned to fly into the thicket, when a shot from the other side of the road killed him, and a terrible-looking man rushed out of the brush and slashed and tore his scalp from his head. This done he took the Indian's rifle and ammunition and disappeared into the woods."

"Von of dem scalp hunters it vas," assented Mr. Courtright; "now dem Indians over de river will lay it to us, just as like as not, so near us it happened."

"Then Lemuel and I separated, each of us resolved to return home by different routes to prevent suspicion of being concerned in the matter. But after I had given the subject a careful consideration I concluded that the best course to take was to come direct to you and explain it."

Mark had scarcely concluded his explanation before the dogs again bowed out in great fury toward another part of the forest. The whole party followed them. A few rods only were traversed when the dogs ceased barking.

"Some von da know," remarked the old gentleman.

Sure enough they soon emerged from the woods accompanied by a man whom the dogs seemed to regard as an old acquaintance. What was Mark's surprise to recognize in him his friend, Lemuel Van-Zandt.

"Hello Lem.! Is that you?" shouted the young men.

"It's me, so it is," responded he.

"I thought you had started for Peenpack," said Mark.

"And I thought you had started for Benin-wasser," retorted Lem.

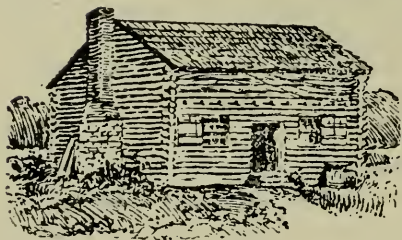
"Each tried to give the other the slip, I guess," said John.

"I resolved to return and tell of the Indian's death," said Lem.

"And I also concluded that to be the best course," said Mark.

Well, dot Indian man ve take care off. You, Shon, run down to Nomanock, and dell der Cap'n. Come poys to de house, ve wait him

dare." So saying, the old gentleman led the way back toward the



house, and John set out to catch a horse and give the alarm at the fort. Scarcely had he disappeared down the road when the party had their attention called to a rush made by the dogs toward the westward side of the clearing. They however, seemed to be

in friendly mood. It was to meet a tall apparition which came out of the forest towards them. Mark and Lem. started back at the sight of the approaching figure, which was that of a tall Indian. His head was shaved, except the scalp lock, in which a few eagle feathers were entwined, his shoulders carelessly covered with a blanket fastened at his throat, his buckskin leggins fringed from his waist to feet, his feet encased in thick moccasins.

"Vell dis a godsend. It's Papenhunk!" exclaimed the old man.

"He's a good friend of father's," whispered George to Mark and Lem.

"Hitah Takomin?" (Friend from whence are you?) called out Stephen Courtright in the Minsi language.

"Andogowa nee weekin!" (From yonder my house) replied the Indian as he came up to them.



"These young men same as my folks," said the old man in English, pointing to Mark and Lem. Papenhunk understood it well for he gave them a sharp look and said "How!" to them.

Papenhunk's features were intelligent and his eyes met those of the whites with an honest, straightforward gaze. "Ke namen neshec kooty Lenno ne weekin?" (Dids't you see a Delaware Indian going hence?) he asked.

"No," replied Mr. Courtright, "but dese two young men (pointing to Lem. and Mark) haf just arrived. Da saw an Indian man killed up de road a bit. Ve vill him see."

"Too late, Me have overtaken him, else no anglen (die)!" said the chief in broken English.

With these words the whole party moved on up the road. Mark related over again the circumstances of the tragedy as they went along.

When they arrived at the scene of it they found the corpse lying where it had fallen. Papenhunk stooped to the side of his fallen countryman and examined the bullet hole in his head. Then he arose and asked Lem. and Mark each for a bullet. He tried each one of them in the wound, and was evidently satisfied that neither size was the same as the one which had slain him. He also tried each bullet in the muzzle of the respective rifles the young men carried.

"Ugh, me know!"

By this time Capt. Kirkendall* and a couple of soldiers from the fort arrived on horseback with John. To them Lem. and Mark again narrated the circumstances.

"Who was this Redskin?" asked the captain of Papenhunk.

"Wanato, the Wunalichtgo," he replied.

"I see, that's his tribe," said the captain, pointing to the figure painted on the breast of the corpse, "but he has his war paint on. Why is that in time of peace?"

"Wanato's nimat (brother) killed was by Maskanato (strong snake) and Wanato sung the song of wal* and put on wal paint to find Maskanato."

"He found him," said Capt. Kirkendall.

"Yaw, dot's Tom's work," said Mr. Courtright.

Papenhunk grunted his assent, and asked if it would be allowed him to take the corpse back to Diahoga (Tioga) for burial. To this the captain gave his consent, saying that "nothing could be done about the matter, and there was no use in taking any legal proceedings."

To it Papenhunk replied bitterly in words, which, divested of the idioms of his language was in substance the following:

"Hear me friends! You follow the teachings of your black coats (a term applied by the Indians to clergymen from the dress of the Jesuit

*Simeon Stoddard, of Deckertown has the original commission issued to Ensign Middaugh, of Wantage, by Gov. Wm. Franklin in 1764, in which the name of the commander of the militia company is given as Capt. Kirkendall. We have taken the liberty of placing Capt. Kirkendall in command of Fort Nomanock at this time, as he may have been such and probably was.

*In the Delaware language there was no "r," hence those Indians frequently used an "l" in its place. Maskanato was a name applied by them to all white leaders they detested, particularly to Tom Quick. It was generally used as the name of a blacksnake.

missionaries) and urge the Redmen to adopt them. All the same you say it is good for them as for your own people. I have learned them. I believe them, for the men at Bethlehem (the Moravians) do as they say. No difference after the Great Spirit takes away the breath of man, say they, say you, between the spirit of Black men, Red men, or White men. It goeth up to Him who gave it or down to eternal punishment. Yet here, when Maskanato in time of peace kills Wanato, and also his nimat, the authorities say, 'we can do nothing. Take Wanato home to Diahoga,' dead. A white man killed him—no punishment!"

"But," said Capt. Kirkendall apologetically, "how can we do anything? Who knows that Tom killed this man? These two young men saw a man come out of the woods and scalp him after he was shot, but they did not see him shoot him, and they do not know who either one of the men were. If you will point out the man who killed him I will have him locked up."

"The bulden lies heavy on he," continued Papenhunk. "The Glate Spirit is angry with my people and they die. One by one they are killed by the pale faces who came from over the big water, and pray to the Glate Spirit and say to Him, 'we do Thy will. We murder and burn the Red man, and thank Thee that Thou hast given us power and will to do it for Thy sake.' They teil the Red man that they, the pale faces, are to be saved by the Glate Spirit, for they are His people, and that the Red man must give them his lands and allow them to kill him, and there can be no hope for retribution by any one. Yet the Glate Spirit the Red nen have always listened to. When He was angry in the clouds our people always sought to appease Him, and the thunder and lightning made them fear him. Ah, woe is Wanato's! His wigwam shall hear him assuwi (sing) no more. I will take him home. He sought Maskanato. Maskanato found him."

"How full of superstition them devils are!" whispered the Captain to Stephen.

Papenhunk then laid down his rifle and proceeded with his hatchet to cut two poles a trifle longer than the dead man. One he laid on each side of him, and procuring some strong strips of bark, wound and tied them firmly to him. When he had finally completed the improvised stretcher, he stood it with the corpse fastened in it, up against a tree.

Then Mr. Courtright helped him to hang his doubled blanket upon his back so that it was sheltered from contact with the remains. This done Papenhunk stood up the stretcher with its ghastly burden, and, placing its back to his, bent over so as to sustain its weight clear of the ground. Then picking up his rifle, he moved away into the forest towards the river, the bloody head of the dead Indian (as rigor mortis had not set in) moving from side to side back of Papenhunk's, as if in farewell defiance to his white foes.

When Papenhunk and his burden had passed from view, Capt. Kirkendall and the others present returned to the house, where a large pail of hard cider was set before the assemblage to drink from with a gourd dipper.

"First von peeg den von Indian. Zwei bad luck. Oh, Captain, I'm bewitched!" exclaimed Courtright.

"Bewitched the devil! You ought not believe any such trash," said the Captain impatiently.

"I know I'm bewitched. It may be Indian witch doctor, or it may be some old voman hereabouts. But me and de old voman have heard dem witches skirling about de house o nights more as voust."

"These stories about witches are all superstition. You're as full of it as old Papenhunk. I guess things happen just about as providence designs."

"Didn't you hear Captain about dot Indian medicine man dot vas killed at de time Nicholas Cole's wife vas captured by dem Indians?"

"I know that our men made it so hot for the red devils that she got away."

"Well von of dem Indians vas shot."

"I know what you have reference to. The Indian that was first shot when Sargent VanTuyle surprised them on the Pennsylvania side of the river."

"Well den you know dot next day von of their medicine men was found dead in his hut in the mountains opposite Kasheighton; and ven he vas examined a bullet hole vas found in 'im made by a piece of silver. Ven the Sargent shot the Indian by the river he had slipt a silver shillin' into his rifle, and not only killed him but de silver killed de witch doctor."

"My good friend" said the captain, "I'll go on to the fort. 'That story

is all fudge. That witch doctor was shot in his hut by this demon Mask-anato, as Papenhunk calls him, otherwise Tom. Quick, who is the cause



TOM. QUICK.

of more trouble than any one else. He had been scalped, and his rifle, furs, and ammunition taken away. I'll bet the sargent didn't get

'em. Good day. I hope the Indians won't send another crazy devil over the river to get shot."

With that Captain Kirkendall and his men departed.



CHAPTER V.

THE WITCHES THAT BEWITCHED.

"From day to day they met and stronger grew
 Their fond attachment as the moments flew:
 The little privilege with hand and face,
 The naive retreat and caution of her race,
 The winsome smile, the look, and silent word
 Which only human hearts have ever heard.
 And that first love, which comes but once, and steals
 The very sympathies that youth conceals,
 Had made to them this shore of rock and shade
 The dearest spot that nature ever made "

— Purdy.

AFTER the captain and his men had gone Mr. Courtright enlarged upon his recent afflictions, particularly his summons to appear in court, to answer the complaint of Ebenezer Willson.

"I puz dis land of Samuel Neville, und I pays him for it. Now here comes trouble, and who der summons grants for me to answer but dot same Shudge Neville. His place it vas to stand py me, und not allow dot Ebenezer Willson any summons."

"Who is Ebenezer Willson; I mean where does he live?" asked VanZandt.

"Oh he's a speculator from New York city I dinks. He's on in years now and has a place down in South Jersey someveres. He's von of dem Minisink patentees who, backed up by York state, mean to grab all of Jersey Minisink land."

"What lawyer has he got?" enquired Mark.

"Dot Col. Mathews of down towards NewVindsor. A goot von he is too," replied the old gentleman.

"There is only one thing for us to do," said George. "Father must get a lawyer right away."

"Why not shoot the witch with that silver shilling and stop the whole business?" observed John mischievously.

"Shon, Shon! How often I dells you stop dot? Instead of helping your poor old fadder you say such dings!"

"Sure enough John, you oughtn't to worry your father now, he's got trouble enough," said Mrs. Courtright deprecatingly.

"Suppose the Highland Indians should take it into their heads to hold a Kintecoy over Wanato and should decide that some of us had laid a trap to have him killed," said George. "They'll just as like as not send some of their desperate men over here and kill every one of us."

"I have faith in Papenhunk," said Freme.

"So have I," said Bethune.

"He's our friend sure," said the old gentleman. Besides he iss also a Highlander (Wunalichtgo) and he knows dot Tom Quick was de von dot killed Wanato. He will show dem Highlanders how it vas. De witch dot iss against us made it happen py our clearing no doubt to pring dem Highlanders upon us, but Papenhunk will prevent it. So now I goes and smokes and dinks." With that he withdrew to the shade of a tree not far from the house, where he proceeded to solace himself with a pipe of tobacco, and to reflect on the exciting events which had so recently occurred.

"I wish Dad had a got round in time this afternoon to have used his silver shillin' in the rifle when the dogs had Mark up that tree," said John, glancing at Freme.

That young lady blushed and glanced at Mark. He, too, was as red as the "red, red rose" which Tom Moore has since told of in the ballads of Ireland, yet he could not help but laugh.

"Clear out you mischief maker!" said Mrs. Courtright to the irrepressible John, "you're all the time a plaguin' somebody."

John dodged out doors and George followed him to escape the universal embarrassment which prevailed. After their departure the young couples soon recovered their equanimity and the humorous sally John had made served as an excellent break in the solemnity of the situation. Mrs. Courtright prudently withdrew.

Left to themselves Lem. and Mark, Bethune and Freme, discussed current topics. What they said would not probably interest our readers at this late day, and we shall not attempt to reproduce it. When, however, Lemuel and Mark found it necessary to depart in order to reach home before nightfall, the acquaintanceship of all four of them had progressed to the banishment of awkwardness. Lem. and Mark took the road toward home feeling assured that no more danger was to be apprehended upon it than a circuitous one through the forest.

The perplexities which surrounded Freme's father formed a fruitful source of reflection to Mark after his arrival home. His love for her had become fastened inseparably in his soul from his further acquaintance. How could he prove it? He had not read of the exploits of the knights of old to win the love of ladies fair. No fanciful literature of the novelistic kind had lain in his imagination a theoretical policy of daring in her behalf. Through all the conversation on that eventful Sunday afternoon there had seemed to run a faint trace of coolness between Bethune and Lemuel. He had betrayed a greater cordiality towards Freme than towards her, and she had seemed to take a greater interest in Mark's conversation than his. The cause of this Mark was at a loss to fathom, for he had known long before of the relation of Lemuel to Bethune as her recognized lover. Through it all Mark felt that he must not let Freme infer that this by-play on the part of the other two had any effect or was even noticed by him. He conjectured that he should convince Freme of his regard by some practical move more emphatic than words. Did not the threatened lawsuit of Willson *vs.* Courtright offer the opportunity? Much more so he reasoned than a feat of arms or a battle with the Highland Red-men of the Susquehanna.

Inspired with this idea Mark set out one day on horseback for Newark, determined to secure legal aid for the defendant in that suit and to keep the source of this aid private as far as possible. He threaded the way to that incipient city with little difficulty, for the main road was distinctly outlined. Once there he made inquiries for the names of lawyers and was directed to call upon a prominent lawyer of the place. Upon calling at his office he found it tenanted solely by a young man, who was poring over a volume of English law. That young man was Elisha Boudinot, then about nineteen years old, who afterwards became one of New Jersey's principal lawyers. He enquired of Mark his business, and upon being told suggested that he let him take hold of it for him.

"I am especially anxious to become acquainted in Sussex county," he said, "for I foresee that with it's rapidly increasing population it is destined to become an important factor in this colony. Besides I would like to meet this Col. Mathews, who has so long been a match, or a little more so perhaps in some cases, for the lawyers of the colony."

"Agreed," said Mark, "I am desirous of circumventing that same lawyer. This I am doing for the defendant, unknown to him, and I will pay your charges myself."

"The plaintiff you say is Ebenezer Willson. I know him by reputation as a successful merchant of New York, who I suppose has bought a share in the Minisink patent on speculation. Perhaps it cost him mere nothing so to say, and if he can get the title substantiated in New Jersey there will be big money in it for him, for no doubt his associate patentees will bear a proportionate share of the expenses. The defendant you say is Stephen Courtright. Whom did he buy of?"

"Of Judge Neville."

"Then his title is based on that of the Proprietors and they will have to substantiate it, for if Willson wins the whole of Jersey Minisink will be lost to them. Courtright resides on the premises?"

"He does," replied Mark.

"Has he a family?"

"Yes. He is a descendant from one of the oldest settlers there. He has two sons and two daughters."

"And those daughters are young ladies?"

"Yes," replied Mark, "they are."

"Ah I see where your interest comes in."

Boudinot agreed to undertake the case virtually for his expenses from the interest which he foresaw would centre in it throughout the colony, and the prestige it would bring him therefrom. This he did, understanding that he was to work jointly with whatever lawyer Mr. Courtright might procure. This much accomplished Mark returned home and awaited events, while his mind was constantly filled with the image of the lovely Frenie Courtright.

In the meantime Lem. VanZandt had not felt the inspiration of a like enthusiasm on behalf of Bethune. He felt chagrined at her apparent chilliness towards him and at the knowledge that the gay Frenchman who had called at the Courtright home had been treated by her with some degree of favor. He loved her, but determined that she was not to presume on that to show her power over him. Haunted by these rebellious thoughts his reflections were not am-

iable ones. One evening they were almost turned by jealousy to thoughts tinged with a desire to do battle with this unknown Frenchman whom Bethune was encouraging, he felt sure to pique him, for he innately believed that she loved him, Lemuel VanZandt, after all. The scene which put that tinge of bloodthirstiness to his thoughts occurred at Helicka Decker's tavern in lower Peenpack. A description of this event has been recorded partially by an old writer, but we shall write it as VanZandt saw it.*

Lemuel had gone to the tavern with a companion, and on that evening they found the barroom occupied by some half dozen habitués of the place, and by three Indians. The latter had brought furs for sale and having sold them were regaling themselves with whiskey. Peenpack at this time enjoyed a large share of the Indian trade which came down from the upper Delaware. The tragic occurrences at Minisink village during the Minisink four years' war had aroused a mutual feeling of distrust there between the Indians and white men as we have seen, and in consequence the Indians frequented Peenpack in preference because they there avoided the insults of the soldiers and besides felt more secure. The three Indians at the time VanZandt arrived had imbibed enough whiskey to be hilarious. One of them was on the floor singing a song of victory, while the other inmates of the room sat around it and applauded the performer. The Indian chanted in the Minsi language a history of his exploits in hunting the bear, wolf, and deer, jumping about the floor and flourishing his arms and body to give emphasis to his guttural and occasionally shrill utterances as he told of instances of terrible encounters in the forest. To these he also added deeds in battle, and kept increasing the rapidity of his movements and exciting tones of his voice until with a shrill yell he stopped and sank down on a seat, exhausted. Then his companions asked him to drink and all parties were included in the invitation to partake of scauli (the Indian name for fire-water)

That attendant to, another Indian stepped to the centre of the floor and began his song. While he was engaged in it another spectator was added to the assemblage. It was an uncouth-looking backwoodsman. VanZandt's hair fairly rose upon his head with horror

* The event here chronicled may be slightly anachronistic as it is believed by some writers to have occurred a few years later, but the exact date of its occurrence is unknown.

when he saw him enter. He was the man who had so brutally killed and scalped Wanato. The Indians apparently knew him, but trusting to their numbers, and rendered reckless by the rum they had partaken of made no movement toward leaving. The Indian who was on the floor was well known as "Old Mode" who had years before had a wigwam on the river flats, although since a resident of the Susquehannah country. He endeavored to outdo his predecessor in narrating marvelous conflicts in the forests, and even flourished a hatchet upon the handle of which he exhibited several notches representing the warriors he had killed. One of them he asserted was a paleface, and he described his place of residence in Pennsylvania Minisink.

"You're a liar!" shouted the last comer, who was the dreaded Maskanato or Tom Quick. "That was where my father lived, but you did not kill him, you're too big a coward."

Old Mode stopped short and glared fiercely at the speaker. To have a paleface thus interrupt his song was a bold affront.

"Go up and get some scauri," commanded Quick.

The Indians willingly obeyed, as did most of those present. The added whiskey made the Indians to stagger perceptibly. While Quick was settling the account with the landlord, the latter whispered to him:

"One more drink will lay the red devils all out blind drunk and stop their noise."

"I'll stop 'em," returned Quick, "if they give me any of their brag."

Old Mode was so nearly stupefied that he walked with difficulty. He approached Quick, and said:

"Ugh! So Modeline speaks lies, does he? These cannot speak lies." With those words he drew from a pouch at his belt three large buttons of a peculiar make. Quick looked at them and a look of ferocity flashed upon his features. He had recognized them as buttons worn upon a coat by his father, who had been slain by the Indians among the very first victims in the Minisink war.*

*Thomas Quick, Sr., who had settled in the forest with his family near where Milford, Pa., now stands about 1744, was killed by the Indians in 1754-5 while he was cutting hoopoles by the side of the Delaware. Thomas Quick, Jr., fled across the river on the ice at the time and escaped although a bullet fired by one of the Indians struck the heel of his shoe and tripped him up once while on the way over. Young Thomas' brother-in-law, Solomon Decker was with him in the escape. Thomas Quick, Sr., was most probably the son of Thomas Quick, the immigrant who took the oath of allegiance in Ulster Co., N. Y. Sept. 1, 1689 (see Vol. I p. 28 Doc. Hist. N. Y.) Thomas, r. (or 2nd) had five children, Thomas Jr., "Tom," who is claimed to have been born in 1734; Cornelius; James; a daughter who had married Solomon Decker before the old gentleman was killed; and a daughter who afterwards married Francis Magee. The Elizabeth Quick who married Wm. Ennis, about 1739 or '40 came from Ulster county. Antje Quick who married

"Indian dog!" shouted Quick fiercely, "Leave this house!" He stepped back and lifting the stock of his long rifle to his shoulder, aimed the muzzle at Old Mode's breast.

That person hung his head much crestfallen at the turn affairs had taken, and turning, staggered out of the door. Quick followed with his rifle to his shoulder.

The other Indians rose as if to follow but the landlord said, "He's only going to scare him away," and they resumed their seats really too much intoxicated to offer any resistance. In a few moments the roar of a rifle broke the dark stillness of the night. The Indians then arose and silently sought safety in the dark shadows of some nearby thickets.

"I didn't think he'd do it," said the landlord, "but Tom is bound to kill 'em every time I guess."

Lem. pictured to himself the prostrate figure of the Indian, the heavy foot upon his throat, the hand which slashed the scalping knife around the scalp as he tore it loose, and shuddered.

He and his companion made a detour through the thickets on the flats towards home, instead of following the road that night.

While these events had been engaging the attention of Mark and Lem. Mr. Courtright had not been idle. He had been to Johnsonsburg and engaged the services of Aaron Doud in the suit of Willson against him. Mr. Doud took charge of the case somewhat reluctantly inasmuch as it was a case requiring a vast amount of research, and his time was fully occupied in attending to the office of county clerk of which he had charge as a deputy for John DeHart (who resided in Elizabeth) and in attending to the details of a large local practice. But Courtright insisted that it was so plain a case that no associate counsel was needed, and declared, 'You vas all de lawyer I want. You're goot enuf for me.' Upon arriving at Newtown on his way

Thomas Decker Dec. 18, 1696, came from that county. Beeltje Quick baptized in Mackbackameek church Sept. 18, 1746, is also believed to have come from that county, and all their descendants of the first Thomas. Thomas the 3rd., or "Tom," never married, and his cruelty toward the Indians is by some claimed to have been in revenge for the murder by them of his father. He is claimed to have died a very old man at the house of James Rosenkrans near the present "Carpenters Point." Other accounts allege that he died near Milford, Pa., of small-pox. There were other families by the name of Quick in the province of New York at the same time. The Documentary Hist. of New York Vol. I page 617 gives the name of a woman, "Marre Quick" with a male child, and on page 621 of same volume, Cornelius Quick, under 63 years old, with his wife and four male and two female children, all residing then (1703) in New York city.

back, he met no less a person than Antoine Dutot, dressed as usual in his faultless French style.

"Oui" exclaimed he, "zis is von great pleasure," addressing Mr. Courtright. "Return you to ze home?"

"Dot iss it," returned the old gentleman.

"Delighted I am. Von minoot I go vith you if not you object."

"Glad to haff coompany. Koom on."

"Von minoot."

With this sententious exclamation Antoine darted towards a stable and soon reappeared with a horse saddled and bridled, which he mounted. Courtright had waited for him and the two then set out towards the Delaware. On the way the old gentleman informed Antoine of the object of his journey and dilated as usual on the troubles which had beset him of late. Antoine refuted the idea that witches had anything to do with it.

"Ah ze troubles visit us! Za takes von here, von zare. No witch as you call'm—no chance—ze troubles happen. Ven za happen ve get—what you call'm, von press, von pinch, ah ze great squeeze."

"But proof iss plain. Some housewifs no butter make somedime. Da churn, und churn, und churn—no butter. Zwei times dot I know of a horse shoe vas made so red hot, und plunged in de churn. Next day von old woman dot lif in de mountain de doctor send for. De doctor he dells his vife vot de matter. His vife dells her sister, her sister dells her cousin, dot cousin dells her second cousin—and I hear. Dot old woman vos burnt vere a kick ve somdimes hit, like a horse shoe around und burnt deep it vas."

"Vas likely ze doctare he joke," observed Antoine.

"Doctor Bennett no joke. Vonce you him see you say him no joke," replied the old gentleman testily.

By this time they had progressed to the shores of Colvers lake, so called from a Mr. Colver who then lived near there. The path they trave'ed, from a tolerably well-beaten road, here shrank to an old Indian trail marked by blazed trees on either side of it, which was rendered unnecessary by its plainly worn surface to where it intersected the great Mine road by the Delaware. The scenery by the lake and upon the western slope of the mountain when the travelers passed through the gap was a wild one of mountain, forest and valley in

perspective. Naturally it invoked Antoine's admiration.

"Von great country zis!" said he, "Hills, mountains, lakes, valleys, on and on, no one knows how far toward ze setting sun. Von beautiful countree! Yet SanDomingo more beautiful! Oh my frent. SanDomingo a paradise was made by ze Creator and was made a hell by man. To SanDomingo I came from Paris. Zare I planned to buy von plantation, von coffee plantation! I take ze house wiz my young wife, in ze citee von Cape Francois. I go out to look at ze plantations. Ze big ones, owned by ze big whites—ze men who owned plenty slaves—zey would not sell. Ze little ones, owned by ze pettit blancs (little whites) made ze little money—despised were by ze mulattoes, and ze big whites. Months I spend there in the endeavor to make von grand purchase. Ze big whites ze top class in SanDomingo, zay say ov me, 'zat man lots of money but he zink zat slavery wrong. We want him not among us.' Ze mulattoes, ze independents, zay say ov me, 'zat man from Paree no belongs to us, he would chain ze people to France.' Ze pettit blancs zay say ov me, 'zat man all money—money—money—he's none of us.' Zat was an evil zing for me. Von day a faithful mulatto, whom I had hired to guide me, he zay to me, 'Take care! Von com-bine has been formed among ze pettit blancs to kill and rob you! Escape if you can! I go straightaway to ze ship in ze harbor wiz ze money I haf, and I engage von passage to Feeladelfi in America an depozit ze money wiz ze purser. I go back my wife Marguerite to get. I arrif to see ze brigands attack my house. I von club get and wiz zem fight. Ze house za set on fire. Marguerite rush out to me to get. I hit ze brigands. Za knock me down—za strike me wiz muskets, and Marguerite za kill; I saw zem strike her down. Zen I no more know, for von or two days. Ven I my senses know I vas on ze ship, vare ze soldiers place me za tell me. Ven I look back over ze rolling waves I see notting of ze ceety, of its palm and orange trees. Notting I see of San Domingo but ze top of Mount Cibao among ze clouds. Ah zat vas terrible."

"But didn't de constables arrest dem murderers?" inquired the old gentleman.

"Not likely it is. Ze soldiers do everysing dare—may be shoot some of 'em. Zen I land in Feeladelfi. Zen I look at land there—I look at land here. Some time I puy land and build a ceety."

Thus the conversation held them interested until they arrived at Courtright's clearing.

In this place an opportunity is afforded us to give the following historical note:

The Lenni Lenape Indians called the river Lenape—Whittuck, meaning the river of the "original or first people" as their name signified. Their name as well as that of the river became known to the white people from about 1610, as Delaware. It was so named by the English from the alleged visit made to the mouth of the river in that year, by Thomas West, 6th Lord De-La-Ware, of England, who, knighted in 1609, succeeded to his father's title March 24, 1609, was one of the 25 Lords of the Privy Council who announced the ascent of King James I to the throne in 1603, and in 1609 was made Captain General of the English Colony in Jamestown, Va., to succeed Capt. John Smith. He arrived in Jamestown with three ships and 150 settlers May 30, 1610. Shortly afterwards he is alleged to have made the visit to the outlet of the river which he named in honor of himself "Delaware Bay." The English from that date claimed the river by right of first discovery, and the name Delaware has clung to it and to the Indians upon its banks ever since. Capt. Smith, however, was undoubtedly the first Englishmen who explored it. He made a map of the whole coast from his observations. Lord De-La-Ware returned to England in March, 1611, his few months visit having made his name immortal, while he did absolutely nothing to deserve it.

There was a succeeding Lord in his family. John West, 7th Lord De-La-Ware, who was appointed Governor of New York and New Jersey in 1734, but resigned the office in a few months afterwards, because he got the appointment of another lucrative position in his own country.

In observations made by Dutch authorities on Lord Baltimore's patent, Oct. 7, 1659, Vol. II, Documents relating to the Colonial History of New York, page 86, occurs: "But now, whereas, our South River of old, called Nassau River by the English surnamed De-La-Warre, was taken in." This sentence tells the whole history of the name—first called Nassau by the Sweedes and Finns who settled and built Fort Nassau beside it, then called South River by the Dutch, lastly De-La-Warre by the English.

In a grant made by the States General of Holland, Sept. 28, 1621, Vol. 1, page 27, Documents relating to Colonial History of New York, the river is called the New River: "Do hereby grant the petitioners the right to send two ships to the coasts and rivers by them discovered lying between Virginia and New France, and a great river in between 40 to 45 degrees, to trade on aforesaid New River."

In 1659, when Dutch representatives went to the agents of Lord Baltimore to enquire why they claimed the river called the South River by the Dutch, and De-La-Warre by the English, the agents produced the map made by Capt. John Smith in 1603-10, and said it was claimed under that early discovery. See Doc. Re. to Col. His. of New York.



CHAPTER VI.

ANTOINE SEES TOM QUICK.

"By him who made the sun to shine,
Who said of old, 'Vengeance is mine.'
I swear that henceforth while I live
No mercy will I ask or give!
My brother's blood, my father's death,
Shall nerve me to my latest breath!
Revenge! shall be my battle cry:
Revenge! till every brave shall die!"

- Brady

ANTOINE upon arriving at Mr. Courtright's, proceeded with his customary gallantry to entertain the ladies. He told the sisters of far off lands, of the vast islands he had visited in the Atlantic ocean, all of which they had viewed in a geographical sense theretofore with but a dim understanding of the true situation of land and sea compared with the primitive world in which they dwelt. He talked without being too voluble, and listened without being too reticent. In short, he made himself so well acquainted that Bethune and Freme were quickly found conversing with him with all the ease and freedom which they would have felt in conversation with persons who had known them for years. As it grew dark he withdrew under promise to call again. He rode down the road to Minisink village and took lodgings at the inn. It is needless for us to follow the train of his musings for the reader can surmise or has surmized that his visit arose from an interest in Bethune Courtright. Her intelligence and beauty he recognized as above that of the ordinary, and his promise to call again was one he determined soon to fulfill. She had shown him by her conversation and manners that his visit would be especially pleasing to her.

"He's the most mannered man I ever saw," observed Mrs. Courtright after he had gone.

"He's the most learned man I ever saw," said Bethune. "He can tell more of the world in half an hour than Dominie Romeyn can in half a day. Even Mr. Ennis, our old schoolmaster, knew nothing of geography compared with him."

"I don't care for these men who know so much," said Freme, "fine feathers make fine birds."

"No wonder you think so," remarked John, who had joined the family circle with his father and brother. "You're a witch, you are. You've got two on the toasting fork already—Lem and Mark. I wish dad had shot with that silver shillin' at Mark tother day when he was in the tree. It would have hit you sure."

Fremer laughed. Bethune glanced at her jealously but did not laugh.

"Shon, Shon! How often I dells you stop dot. Dis makin' sport of supernatural dings iss not goot!" The old gentleman as he delivered this reproof groaned as though the difficulty he had encountered of late might all be properly laid to John's careless utterances.

After retiring for the night there was a wide difference in the reflections which came to the sisters. Fremer, as she sank to sleep, with the howl of wolves, the cry of panthers, and bark of foxes, echoing and re-echoing from mountain side to mountain side over the river valley, heeded them not, for she was absorbed in a comparison between Antoine and Mark. This was not a fair one especially to the former since she was interested in the latter. On every point she vowed to herself that Mark was superior. Antoine's good manners she deemed but a polish which a scratch would tarnish; his fine clothes a veneering which hard work would wear out; his knowledge of little value in the frontier life which loomed ahead of them. Above all she dreamed of manly Mark as hers, the dearest, best man on earth, and was happy in her love.

Bethune, on the contrary, mused on the cries of the wild beasts as somewhat in harmony with her soul. She made no comparison between Antoine and Lem. She loved the latter, but the slight which she deemed he had of late shown to her regard had aroused a feeling of resentment which, like the feeling shown in the cries of the wolves, panthers and foxes, as they roamed the dark intricacies of the forest, searched for prey. The prey she sought was to show Lemuel that she could return slight for slight, scorn for scorn. The man who offered to gratify that feeling was Antoine. She would triumph over all in display, in wealth, in the love of a learned and handsome man. Thus, though she dreamed of love, she was under an unhappy influence.

Fort Nomanock was at that time lacking an excitement. Hendrick Kirkendall was in command with twenty five men in the company. The fort was situated on the sandy level on the Jersey shore

southeast of Minisink island and west of Minisink village, a short distance from Anthony Westbrook's stone house. The village inn at which Antoine Dutot stopped afforded him an opportunity to observe all this, and the next morning he went around and looked at the place. He had talked with some of the villagers as to prices for the land about them, and thinking him a prospective buyer, they set forth all the interesting advantages of the place. They told him of its great historical importance. On the plateau above it had been an Indian castle or stockaded town of which the ruins only remained. On the sandy flat south of the island was the old Minsi burying ground. It comprised many acres, and where it came to the river bank the action of the water had worn away the soil so that the bones of the ancient dead were exposed. There lay the Minsis of former generations from the time of their immigration from beyond the setting sun*. Here, too, the great Indian path or thoroughfare from the Atlantic coast to the Susquehanna had a fording place across the Delaware. Across the river and a few miles farther up was a level plateau, where the great festivals and councils of the tribes were held, which the Germans named Kintecoy, and the English Powwow Hill.**

While Antoine was being told of this by some villagers who escorted him around, there was heard a shrill halloo up the river. It attracted notice from the earnestness which sounded in it. The blacksmith came out of his shop and looked up the river. A soldier or two lounging about the fort listened for a repetition of it, and Captain Kirkendall went up on the lookout platform above the fort and cast his gaze up stream. Again it came shrill and earnest as if in desperation, and louder as if nearer than before.

"That means something men!" the Captain called to the lounging troopers, "get the men ready!"

A hustle of activity at once began among the soldiers. Again the halloo sounded shrill and sharp.

The women looking out of various doors of various habitations, declared to one another that it was a call for help.

"There's the queerest looking thing a running down this side of the river that I ever saw. Sargent get the men ready!" called down the

*The Lenni Lenape's had a tradition that at first they inhabited land in the far west and came east, where they with the Acquanschioni, or six nations, conquered the Allegewis, who then inhabited what is now Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York, and divided the territory—the Six Nations taking what is now New York, the Lenni Lenapes taking the rest, and occupying it. The name Alleghany is derived from Allegewi.

**This is a part now of Milford, Pa.

captain to his men. "Ha!" he exclaimed to them, "I see five or six men after it—redskins by the great horn spoon!" Again came the halloo louder and more desperate than before. "Sargent!" he shouted, "detail two men to the rescue. Follow them with six more for reserve help! Look out for ambush!"

The sergeant promptly sent out two armed men and followed at about twenty rods distance with a half dozen more. They started out on a run to the rescue. Again the halloo was heard but it was plainly distinguished by the listeners now, so near it was, as a call for help. Antoine, as well those with him could see the pursued and his pursuers. The former was plainly a human being but whether red or white no one could determine. The pursuers were Indians as their accoutrements and head-dress showed. One of them dropped to his knee and fired at the fleeing man ahead, but it only increased the length of his jumps and the frequency of his shouts for help. The Indians saw the soldiers coming to the rescue and stopped the pursuit. When the two soldiers reached the intended victim and prepared to fire upon the Indians, they gave a loud warwhoop of vindictive hate and dodged into the forest.

"Look out men" shouted the captain, "them varmints may creep up and try a shot at some of us." Two of the soldiers thereupon climbed across the road to an elevated knoll on the side of the mountain which commanded a view of the whole vicinity. The two soldiers who had first gone to the rescue now returned to the captain and asked for a pair of pantaloons.

"Who do you think we've got captain?" said one.

"Some Mingo I expect."

"We've got that consarned old tramp, Tom Quick."

"The devil you have! I wish the Indians had him back agin!" said the captain.

"He aint got a thing on 'im but dirt," said the soldier.

"Well put them old trousers on 'im and fetch him in," said the captain, "and we'll find out what deviltry he's been up to."

The soldiers accordingly took the old pair of pants indicated and went back to where the sergeant and six men had the victim sheltered by a large chestnut tree from the gaze of the public, for he was without a shred of clothing. After he had put on the old pantaloons the soldiers

paraded him before the captain and the villagers, for about every one of them, large and small, were there.

He was the most woful looking object that Antoine had ever beheld. Even the captain, who was used to the rough life of the frontier, seemed to regard him in much the same light.

"Well Tom," said the captain, "I guess the Redskins have pretty nearly hung your hide on the plum tree this time."

The object he addressed was slow in answering. His breath was still hard to regulate from his late exertion. The skin on his bare breast, body, face, arms, and feet, was slit into ribbons by the thorns, brush, and stones, which he had encountered in his race for life. The blood from his many wounds had assimilated with the dirt upon him and formed a horrid crust, while his unshorn hair blood-clotted hung over his face, head and neck, with the negligence of a wild beast.

At last he growled: "They did come pretty near fixin' my flint."

"What trick was you tryin' to put on 'em?"

"Softly cap'n. I hadn't dode nothin' to them varmints. I'll tell you how it was. Sum moons ago I bilt me a shack by a Leckawaksin krick, on the Ben Holbert tract. I had a room on the ground floor and a kind ov garret overhead. Well last night, just as it was a gittin' dark, and I hed my furs all stacked up in a corner ov the cabin, I laid down my rifle on 'em and went to kindle a fire. A little shower of rain came up, and ther big drops pattered down on ther trees and on the bark on the shack. The droppin' kind o hid sum other sounds, an jest as my fire bgun to burn I looked around. There stood a varmint holdin' my rifle to his shoulder an aimin' it at me. I dashed fer him so quick he didn't hev time to shoot, but some fiteen or twenty more Redskins jest piled onto me from all direcshuns. Naterally they wuz too much fer me. They tied me hands and heels. Hev you ever been triced up that way, cap'n?"

"No, nor I don't want to be nuther," rejoined the captain.

"Well, I didn't like it fer a cent. Then them pesky devils ud march around me, and kick me, and kind o' chant about what a timid animil, and wat a koward I wuz. I tell you cap'n sich things wuz disagreeable and I kind o' think that if you hed a been in that situation you'd a made a resolution to kill 'em every time you got a chance. Now I hed in one corner ov the shack a five gallon keg ov rum, wich

I hed stored fer use occassionally. It was pretty well hid, but the varmints dug it out. After they hed taken a drink er two, I begun to think my time hed cum. They'd come a teeterin up to me with a long knife in each hand and make passes at me, an' I saw that as they got a leetle drunker sum on 'em ud stick me fer sure. A lot of 'em appeared to think so too. They wanted to keep me to next day and then burn me at the stake and hev a grand roast in reglar order. So they sez, 'let's tie him up to night, and keep him fer to morrer when the squaws kin hev a little fun by slicin' meat from his bones.' So they all set to and toted me inter the garret, an tied me with whangs ov buckskin, so that I couldn't move hand nor fut. Then they tied a big thong of buckskin around a rafter and tother end ov it they tied to my ankles, raisin' 'em off the floor a few inches. There they left me.

Sum time in the nite one ov the varmints came a creepin' up into the garret. He had a blazin' brand in one hand, a knife in tother, and wus full of scauri. I saw that he had crep up there to murder me unknown to his comrades. He bent over me an' struck at my heart with the knife. He struck so savagely that he lost his balance and rolled over me. Jest ez he struck I squirmed a little to one side an' the knife went between my arm and side, cut off the strings which hel' my elbows and stuck into the floor. The minit the drunken 'retch fell over me he went into a drunken snooze. I got the knife between my teeth, and soon cut the big string that held me to the rafter. I found a krack in the boards in which the handle ov the knife fitted, and then drawin' the strings which fassened my hands behind my back across it, soon got 'em free. I carfully took off some ov the bark roof, crept out to the limbs ov an overhangin' tree and then to terry firmy. Its sum twenty miles or more from here, but I got a good start of 'em by sunrise. In fact I thought perhaps they hed lost the trail, untill I klimbed a hill about an hour after sun rise and seed 'em a skulk-in' on it red hot. They gained on me a little all the time and I believe they would soon hev pinched me, had it not been fer your sojers."

"You're a nice un," said the captain contemptuously. "You murder them red devils on the sly, and then run here to save your hair when they get you in a corner. You needn't think that we are goin' to keep you here and feed you you lazy vagabond. I'll bet you

hed some Ingin's scalps among your furs in the old shack, which you expected to run in to Filadelfe and get proclamation money fer. That's what keeps war stirred up between the Ingins and ourselves all the time. Now you hev got to git away from here. I don't want them varmints a layin' around in the woods here a watchin' fer you. Go over the mountain and go to work. Quit this murderin' and skulkin' around in the woods. Git him an ole pair of moccassins." The latter sentence he addressed to some soldiers standing near.

In a short time the moccasins were brought. The quaint grey-eyed woodsman said nothing in reply to the captain's reprimand. He bound the old moccasins on his lacerated feet. When he had done so the captain said: "Now get away from here, Tom Quick!"

He slunk away with a shuffling gait, and Antoine followed with others to see which way he would go. The innkeeper said it was too bad to send a man out helpless for the Indians to pick up, and he brought out an old rifle, some powder and shot, and put them in the fugitive's hands. The woodman tried the lock and finding it all right, straightened up. He waved his hand to the onlookers, turned his face eastward and with long loping steps plunged into the forests which crowned Minisink mountain.*

*The incident upon which we have based this adventure is placed by his biographer some years later than is here indicated, but as tradition is mainly the authority upon which it is founded it more than likely happened as we have it.



CHAPTER VII.

TOM HUNT'S STORY—AND JUDGE NEVILLE'S COURT.

"A panther screams. 'Hush!' Brady said,
'That voice is from a human head.
I've often heard it in the West;
It speaks of murder in his breast' "

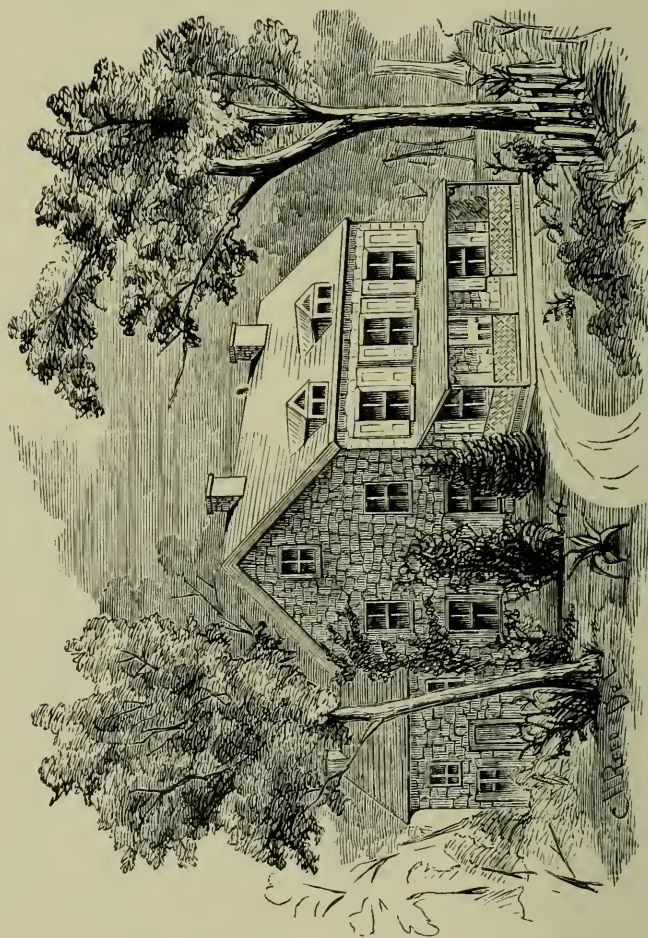
—Purdy.

When court reconvened, a motley crowd
Of young and old and poor and proud
Came in, and filled each bench and place
To listen to the novel case
And now imagine, if you can,
A stranger from the Raritan,
Past sixty maybe, maybe less
With rather quaint but genteel dress,
Who sat revolving in his mind
The vagaries of human kind

- Ibid.

WOOLVERTONS was astir early on Tuesday morning in November, 1763. A large and robust stone building it was, and a trifle ungainly, when Thomas Woolverton first built it for a frontier road house. Still more ungainly it looked in 1763 when the frontier had moved back to the Delaware river so far as the Indian occupation went, and Woolvertons, no longer a frontier inn, was become the most important place in Sussex county. Its front porch, which extended along the whole front of the building, gave a fine view of the king's road from Morristown, which crossed the Pequest river a few rods to the south of and in front of the house and wound around the hill to the north and away through the newly settled village of Newtown and over Pahoqualin or Minisink mountain to Minisink. A lawn in front of Woolvertons was kept almost denuded of grass by the many footfalls it encountered, though a few scattering trees were there, and it ran down to the edge of a pond which Thomas Woolverton had created by a dam across the river to furnish power for his grist mill.

Every inhabitant of Sussex county had heard of Woolvertons. In a central part of the county at that time and no court house having been built then, although the county had been ten years in existence, the various terms of the courts were held there. A large square



WOOLVERTONS

room on the second floor was used for that purpose the door of which opened on a stairway to the porch. On the latter, when courts were in session, lounged a miscellaneous congregation of lawyers, witnesses, jurymen, plaintiffs, and defendants, and dogs—the human part of the assembly arguing, swearing, chewing tobacco, and spitting over the rail of the porch, which often aroused much wrath and profanity from insulted patrons in front of it; the canine part doing full as much swearing in dog language and fighting frequently. Thus Woolvertons was known far and wide to the older portion of people. When courts were not in session the big square room was used for a ball room and frequent dances held there. Then did the porch in suitable weather present an assemblage of a different character—the sentimental young man and his best girl, the young farmer and his sweetheart, the young laborer and the hired girl, all very much in evidence when the moon rose in front of them and cast its silvery beams on the Pequest valley and of course on Woolvertons. In another room, second floor front, was the county clerk's office, where John Dehart kept the office by Deputy Aaron Doud, as he then lived in the southern part of the State.

For all these reasons it will be seen that everybody in Sussex county, old and young, knew Woolvertons in 1763.* It made no difference that Thomas Woolverton was then dead—his widow kept the house and Woolvertons was Woolvertons just the same. In fact two woodmen who about that time got drunk at the inn on two half-pints of methiglin and remained drunk two days, when they came to their senses declared that Landlady Woolverton "was just as good a man as Tom ever was."

This day Woolvertons was astir early. It was to begin the November term of the Supreme court. Two men were arranging stable room for horses in the barns across the way. Several extra female helps were dressing meats and cooking in the stone kitchen. Several other female extra helps were preparing bedrooms and generally sprucing up about the house. Over all this chicken picking, roast pig cooking, baking, sweeping, dusting, scouring, bed-making, and scurrying about, was seen and heard here, there, and everywhere, presiding, a large, stout woman, who seemed to always do just the right thing,

*In 1903 it is known as Huntsville.

and say the right word at the right time. This was the widow—this was Woolvertons.

Stephen Courtright, with his daughter Bethune seated behind him on horseback, arrived early. The suit of Ebenezer Wilson against him was to be called at this term. Antoine Dutot soon appeared on his chestnut sorrel, clad in his usual fashionable style. Horsemen kept arriving from all directions. Among them was a stout and military looking gentleman whom it was soon whispered around was Col. Vincent Mathews, of Orange county, N. Y. Then the spare ministerial form and face of Aaron Doud, Sussex county's principal lawyer was seen; the young legal student, Elisha Boudinot, of Newark; and the young farmer, Mark VanTuyle, from near Benninwasser in Orange county, N. Y.

By nine o'clock the court room was full, the porch was full, and the open space in front of Woolvertons was pretty thickly filled with people. The interstices between them were "pointed" as a mason would say, with dogs. Many men were each accompanied by two and sometimes with three dogs. Coon dogs, deer hounds, fox hounds, beagle hounds, mastiffs, and mongrels, went wriggling around between the legs of their owners and between everybody else's legs, nosing, snapping, snarling, and scrappy.

Lawyer Doud, Col. Mathews, Student Boudinot, and a few others, kept seats in the court room and awaited the Judge's appearance.

"By the way," said Mr. Boudinot, "wasn't it near here where the Indians killed Anthony Swartwout about eight years ago?"

Lawyer Doud replied to the question: "This much I will say, Mr. Boudinot. Anthony Swartwout met a violent death a few miles from here about five years ago. It is not conceded that Indians killed him. On the contrary one Benjamin Springer has been convicted of causing the aforesaid violent death of Anthony Swartwout and has been duly hanged for it according to law. Mr. Springer gentlemen, passed for a white man, and was certainly no Indian."

"It was reported in Orange county that Indians murdered Swartwout," observed Mr. Mathews.

"While we're waiting for his honor, Judge Neville," continued Mr. Doud, "I see in the room a young man who can tell us all about it. If you would like to hear the story, I will ask him to relate it."

His hearers having assented, Lawyer Doud beckoned very condescendingly to a young man in the room, who stood leaning upon the muzzle of his rifle. He came forward awkwardly enough with his hat in one hand. He was a fair sample of a frontiersman, sunburned in feature, rugged in form, clothed for rough work.



"Mr. Mathews and Mr. Boudinot," solemnly said Lawyer Doud with a wave of his hand, speaking as if he was reciting lines for the admiration of the crowd, "this is Tom Hunt. Tom, the gentlemen would like to hear about your being taken prisoner and the story of Anthony Swartwout."

The man addressed found a vacant seat nearly fronting his hearers and after a preliminary cough or two, began his story, meantime keeping his eyes fixed at a point on the floor between the toes of his heavy stogas.

"Well, genelman it began, not that I'm a goin' to go back to the time Columbus uncovered New Jarsie, but only so't you kin understan' the sitooashun. As I was a sayin' it begun when Ben Springer kem frum down kentry and went to work for Tony Swartoot. My brother Dick lived down here in Hardwicke, not that I'm agoin' ter go back, and tell where he'd lived afore, but as I wus a sayin', so't you'd understan' the sitooashun, it begun so. I lived with Dick an' his wife an' ez Tony lived say ony about four miles beyant us, ov koorse we wus considered nabors. Ben Springer arter a few months workin fer Tony begun to tell Ingin yarns. Sed he'd hed dreams an' seen all the houses on fire around this naborhood, en hundreds o' Ingins a killen the people an a yellin' like all possest; stories that ud make yer har feel lite on yer hed. Seems like he hated Tony fer sum reessin, the way he ust to picter him owt and wish the Ingins ud get him. Now gentlemen, I

ain't a goin' to go away back and tell yer about awl the yarns thiet Ben, he spun fer us, only so't you'd understan' the sitooashun."

"No, for God's sake, Tom, don't go any farther back," interposed Lawyer Doud.

"Well genelmen to kum to the pint, ez old Dan'l ust to say when he seen a measure of rum on the stand afore him, without wastin' time, one nite when my brother Richard en his wife hed gone a visitin' over to Uncle Sampson Dildine's—you see we allers call him Uncle Sampson, cause he married Martha Hunt a relashun o' mine—this happened. It was a meller evenin' in May genelmen—Friday the twenty-furst to be exact—and we hed left the door open. I mean by we—myself and Pone, a darkey of my age. Pone hed a fiddle an' he fiddled and I danst, an' he danst to pass time, while my brother Dick and his wife wus a visitin' to Uncle Sampson's and we wus a keepin' house. The bullfrogs and peepers was hollerin' in the swamp near by, as tho' they wus keepin' house too, while the old folks wus out. Happenin' to go out doors, I notised a curious thing in the pastur lot behind the house. It wasn't so dark but I got a purty good glimpse at it. At first it was in motion and looked like a long blacksnake, and a powerful big one creepin' tooard the house. I called to Pone to cum out and see it and it lay still. He looked at it and begun to tremble like as if he hed the ager. 'That', sez he, 'boss, is a string ov Ingins.' I seed the truth of it. Sure enuff there they wus on their bellies one behind another creepin' for the house. We jumped back to the door. As we did so they riz up and yelled all to onct 'Woach, ha, ha, hach, Woach!' "

Young Hunt by this time began to show an intense interest in his own narrative although he had told it hundreds of times before. He moved nervously, his face became pale and his eyes wandered from their post of observation between the toes of his stogas to look apprehensively about the room.

"What was it they yelled?" asked Col. Mathews.

"It was their war'hoop sir, as all the Lenapes give in battle," said Tom, repeating it with thrilling effect, "Woach, ha, ha, hach, Woach!"

"Woach, ha, ha, hach, Woach!" repeated a spectator near the door of the porch, so realistic, thrilling, loud, and in such good Indian, that Hunt jumped to his feet in alarm as did many others. Then it

arose horribly thrilling, as another repeated it in front of the inn.

A great rush was made to get down stairs just then and sounds of a brisk commotion arose from the green. "Only a dog fight, gentlemen" said Tom. "It ain't my dog, anyhow, for here he is," pointing to a hound which lay near him.

In a few minutes there was a general rush of people up stairs again—the fight was over.

"We got in the house es quick es we could," continued Tom, "and bolted the doors. Two of the Ingins butted their shoulders agin the door to see if they could break it in, but they couldn't. Then we heard 'em powwowin around awhile as to what they had best to do and then they went away. We kep still and waited fer we thought perhaps they'd kum back, and the minutes seemed like hours I kin tell ye. Arter a long time we heerd a noise outside. First we hoped it wus Dick and his wife, but the dogs hed gone with 'em and we didn't hear 'em bark. Then some one struk on the door with wat sounded like a stone, but wat wus in real'ty a tommiehawk. Then a voice outside sed in English: 'Boys we don't want to kill you. But must do it unless you give up. Give yourselves up pris'ners and we'll spare your lives and treat yon well. In five minits if you do not do it we'll set fire to the house and kill you.'

" 'Do it,' said Pone.

"I guess its our only hope, sez I.

" 'They may lie to us and kill us arter all,' said Pone.

"So they may, but it seems our only chance, fer they can burn us out of here in no time.

"Then another blow of the tomiehawk on the door made us tremble.

" 'What are you goin' to do?'

"It was a terrible voice.

" 'We'll give up,' yelled Pone.

" 'Undo the door!'

"We unfastened it and five o' the imps crowded in the room. They appeared to be in a hurry and draggin' us out in front o' the house they put a long string around each of our necks, and tied our hands behind our backs. Then one of 'em took the end ov the cords and started off at a rapid pace. I hed my heavy boots on and Pone too, so that we wus put to our trumps to keep up. But we feared we'd be kilt if we

didn't keep up, and you may be sure we walked. Another Ingin walked close behind us. On we went fer about five miles around the big pond, and I knowed we wus close to Tony Swartopt's. The two Ingins what had us stopped with us in the timber, and the other three Ingins went away. They hed not been gone long when we heard a gun go off. In a little while we heerd the other party a comin' back, and we heerd some one a cryin' along with 'em. I mistrusted it was Tony's children. They stopped in a clump of timber some ways off an' the leader hollered to our captors to move on. They started us off in a different direcshun. As we wus a stumblin' on we heerd a man a beggin' of tother party, and children a cryin. We could see torches a twinklin' in the trees where they wus. As we wus hurried on there came to us from sum man prisoner they hed, the most pitiful pleadin' fer life that ever wus. I was sure it was Tony's voice, and I can tell you genelmen that it was awful. Then I heard his groans, and such awful groans that they haunt me yet, when I try to sleep. We wus kep a goin' and the sounds at last stopped. We wus taken on across the Delaware, and so on to the Suskehanner. There the other party kum up with us and sure enuff they hed Tony's boy and girl. I didn't hev much chanct to talk with 'em but they told me it was their father that wus killed, and whose groans I hed heerd. He wus killed they sed by cuttin' a hole in his abdomen an' takin' out the end ov one ov the little bowels which they tied to a saplin; then he wus pushed and druv around an' around it until all his bowels was out and he died. Anuther thing that surprised me wus to see Ben Springer dressed like an Ingin with 'em at the Suskehanner, an arter all, I'm inclined to think that there wasn't but four real Ingins in the whole party that nite they captured us. Then I an Pone was turned over fer slaves to a Frenchman, who tuk us to Montreal in Canada, where we wus nearly four years. When we got sot free, we kum home. That's all I know about it genelmen."

"The sequel was," said Lawyer Doud, "that in the latter part of July, 1757, three vagabonds appeared at Nicholas Cole's house or fort, a few miles above Minisink village on the Delaware, and asked for something to eat. They appeared to be Indians, clothed as they were in nothing but Indian blankets, heads shaved except a scalp lock, swarthy and dirty, but insisted that they were white men and Cole took them to Fort Nomanock, whence the captain sent them

under guard to Elizabethtown, whence they arrived on the 29th of July. One of them turned out to be Benjamin Springer. They were given shelter and food. They claimed that they were prisoners taken by the Indians, and had now escaped. They told a harrowing tale of privation and suffering during their journey home from Chenango in the Susquehanna country, which occupied thirty-two days.

Then came the greatest surprise for Springer that could have happened. Swartwout's son, who was taken prisoner, as Tom has told you, appeared from the Susquehanna, where he had been formally adopted by the Indians, and declared that Benjamin Springer was an accomplice of the Indians, when his mother was shot and his father killed on the awful occasion narrated by Tom. Not only did he assert it, but he went before a justice of the peace and made a formal complaint, charging Springer with murder. It was considered so important a case that a bill was introduced in the Assembly on the 27th of August, 1757, providing that the expenses of the trial should be paid by the province, and should take place in Morris county. It passed, and was signed by the speaker, on the 22d day of October.

The trial came off at the next term of the court, and young Swartwout, although he could not say that Springer shot his mother, was terribly emphatic that he was the man who so horribly murdered his father, poor Tony Swartwout.* Young Swartwout glared at Springer with such horror while being sworn, and Springer looked so abject and guilty, that when Swartwout arose on the stand and said positively 'I saw that man there (pointing at him with his finger) murder my father as I have told you,' even Springer looked convinced that it was so. He was found guilty, was sentenced to be hanged, and was hanged for the crime. He claimed at the time that he could prove his innocence by Thomas Hunt, if he could be had. Tom's story you have heard, and it would not have cleared Springer. The conclusion is—mind this is only an opinion without consideration—that the Indians desired to capture Daniel Harker, of this neighborhood, who had furnished Tom Quick, of Minisink, with powder and ball which he had used in murdering their families, but they made a mistake in attacking Hunt's house or else found Harker's too strongly defended, and that Springer entered into complicity with them for the purpose of wreaking revenge on Swart-

*Swartswood Lake took its name from this tragedy.

wout's family."

"Here comes the Judge," exclaimed a person upon the porch.

There was a general rising and moving to get a view of him. Lawyer Doud nudged student Boudinot. The latter went down stairs and on down the road by the mill. A tall thin gentleman was riding a horse slowly down the hill on the east side of the Pequest. Dressed in solemn black, with a tall beaver hat upon his head, and his long legs hanging nearly to the ground from the horse's back, he was a perfect picture of the traveling M. E. circuit riders, who some fifty years later were often seen on horseback throughout the country.

Student Boudinot met him on the bridge by the mill and handed him a document and a fee. It seemed to perplex Judge Samuel Neville, for he it was, but he accepted the paper and fee and rode up to the barn. Official stablemen helped him to dismount and cared for his horse. Obsequious parties greeted him on every side and hands were thrust out to shake hands with him at every foot of the journey from the barn to the court room. He greeted everyone with dignity and sat down in a large splint-bottom chair reserved for him, while the crier proclaimed the opening of the term.

Then the Grand jury was called and sworn and the Deputy County Clerk said: "Judge Samuel Neville will charge you as to your duties."

The judge said but a few words in his charge, as no serious crimes had been committed requiring a special charge. The jury then filed out to hold the grand Inquest in a neighboring room in charge of two constables.

The Petit jury was then called.

This done Judge Neville took up a written sheet of paper on the table before him and read off the list of cases before the term.

After two or three cases had been arranged for trial, he read:

"WILLSON vs. COURTRIGHT: Vincent Mathews for plaintiff; Aaron Doud and Elisha Boudinot for defendant."

Col. Mathews arose, erect and prim. "We are ready for trial your honor."

Judge Neville said: "The trial cannot be held before me. I have been subpoenaed as a witness on the part of the defendant."

"We do not object Your Honor to your trying the case on

that account," said Col. Mathews. "I understand that you deeded the land in question in this case to the defendant. He need not call you as a witness to prove it. We will admit that you executed the title to him. This suit is to test the validity of the title of claimants under the Minisink Patent and we are willing the trial should continue before you, even though in this particular instance your interest would seem adverse to the plaintiff." Here Col. Mathews resumed his seat, confident apparently that he had disposed of the defendant's claim upon the court for testimony.

"May it please Your Honor" said Lawyer Doud rising in turn. "the eminent counsel upon the other side mistakes our purpose. A few years ago when this question of title to lands about Minisink village on the Delaware river was almost at riotous consequences there was a transaction occurred which stayed it. Your Honor is aware that New Jersey claims all the lands up the northernmost branch of the Delaware river. This line would begin at Coshocton or Cochection on the river and run in a direct line to Hudson's river and would pass somewheres near Beninwasser pond in Orange county, New York. All the land south of that line is New Jersey soil. On the other hand the New York claim is as we all know that the line should begin at the forks of the Delaware river at Easton, on the pretense that the Lehigh river is the true Lenape-Wichikon, or Delaware, and that the river which comes up through by Minisink village, is only the northernmost branch of the Delaware, or as the Indians termed it, Lamespose (the Fishkill) and that all the land north of a line from said forks to Hudson's river in latitude 41 degrees and 40 minutes, is New York soil. Now, as I said before, when a few years ago the dispute between the states was causing riots among the settlers on this strip of territory, when a suit in court had so far progressed in the Supreme court that the claim of New Jersey was pretty certain of winning, what doeth the distinguished counsel, Col. Vincent Mathews, for the New York claimants? He hieth him to Perth Amboy, and gets Attorney General Warrell to sign an agreement that any person on the disputed lands could sign a paper making a choice as to whether he preferred to live under New Jersey, or New York, laws and titles. That stopped the then pending suit. It was shrewdly done and the learned gentleman on the other side should have the credit. But we

expect to show by the testimony of Your Honor that in accordance with that agreement, the plaintiff in this case duly made and executed a paper in which he made a choice of New Jersey jurisdiction, which paper had weight at the time Your Honor executed the conveyance to him."

"Enough!" exclaimed the judge. "This suit is over for the term. Let it be tried before another judge!"

Bow-wow! Crash, snap and struggle—two dogs were clinched in a bitter struggle in the room. The bang of the judge's gavel could scarcely be heard in the confusion which ensued, but he at last made himself heard above the snapping and howling crash of the dogs, and the rushing, yelling and swearing of the motley crowd.

"I declare the court adjourned to two o'clock and I order the officers to clear the room, and arrest every one who resists!"



CHAPTER VIII.

FREME AND BETHUNE.

"Oh frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame
 For now I see
 Inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.
 In black mourn I,
 All fears scorn I.
 Love hath forlorn me.
 Living in thrall:
 Heart is bleeding,
 All help needing -
 O cruel speeding! -
 Frighted with galk" - Shakespeare

DURING the time Stephen Courtright was at Woolvertons Antoine Dutot hovered about Bethune in the sitting room or parlor adjoining the court room. He talked of far away places, and of pending events, in his usual superior manner. No talker Bethune had ever met understood so well how to make himself agreeable without being nonsensical. In the parlor no one was so much admired as he by the ladies present, of whom there were several from various parts of the county. Even Woolvertons relaxed her dignity and became sociable with Antoine. Mark VanTuyle passed some time with them in the parlor but feeling somewhat his inferiority as an entertainer, compared with Antoine, he cut his visit short and went out and talked with Stephen Courtright and his lawyers. Antoine was seen outside the parlor but once in the forenoon and that was when the first dog fight was in progress.

Mark, however, had scored an important step in the old gentleman's esteem. When Stephen found that Elisha Boudinot had been brought into the case by that young man at his own expense, and when Lawyer Dond had assured him that that young lawyer had brought up the Mathews-Warrell agreement, fully of as much consequence in the case as Judge Neville's deed, and which if proven in his client's case would surely win the suit for him, we cannot in words depict the old gentleman's gratitude. He did not fail to find words of his own upon his return home to place Mark upon the very highest pinnacle in the esteem of his whole family. Thus the year 1763 with its accession of George III as King of Great Britain and its colonies; its accession of William Franklin, the illegitimate son of the

great Benjamin Franklin, as governor of the Colony of New Jersey; and its numerous train of minor events in the colony, and in Minisink, passed away, with Antoine and Mark frequent visitors at the Courtright homestead.

The winter with its deep snows came and passed. It was in February, 1764, that the next court convened before which the suit of *Willson vs. Courtright* came up. Col. Mathews pressed the action for trial but Doud and Boudinot showed that the legislature of the colony of New York by act of 1762 in action upon a petition presented in June of that year, had agreed to submit the dispute to such commissioners as the king might appoint; and that on the very week of that session of the court the colony of New Jersey* had concurred in the act of New York; thereupon the case again went over, and this time to await the action of the king. Thus Col. Mathews found himself checkmated and virtually outgeneralled.

Meantime Mark VanTuyle and Lemuel VanZandt held frequent conferences. Mark had championed Lem's cause thus far quite in vain. That young man set his face quite resolutely against the project. Mark had divined that at heart Bethune really loved Lem. but that a sense of pique and the glamour of Antoine's handsome appearance and knowledge of the world had guided her in the rejection of her former lover's advances. By advice of Freme he endeavored to induce Lem. to make one more effort for reconciliation. Accordingly he bore a flag of truce, as it were, to Lem. and urged him to visit with him at Mr. Courtright's in an endeavor to get Bethune to sever her encouragement of Antoine's further visits.

The result was that one day in June, Mark accompanied by Lem. arrived at Mr. Courtright's. The persuasion used by Mark to induce Lem. to accompany him had been prolonged and urgent. They were greeted with a cordial welcome on the part of the two sisters. As it was early afternoon Mark proposed a walk along the river. Although this was a plan in furtherance of the plot he had in hand which was recognized by all of them it was assented to and the four soon set out toward the river. Once upon its bank Mark and Freme sauntered to the shade of a tree and sat down there, leaving Lem. and Bethune to seek a separate shade and conversation. This, too, was an open part of Mark's plot in which Freme concurred. The conversation of the latter two,

*Feb. 23. 1764.

since it followed the dictates of two happy lovers, followed the old, old, lines laid down in such cases. That of Lem. and Bethune was however upon a peculiar basis. He felt injured and bitter—she slightly defiant and triumphant. Both were silent for a time. At last he spoke with apparent effort:

"Bethune, what has come between us?"

"Simply a determination on my part to resent a slight, and on your part a determination to slight me—that is enough," she replied, without looking toward him.

He did not immediately reply. The rippling of the tiny waves on the river as they lapped the huge boulders which occasionally protruded through its surface and against its gravelly banks kept up a monotonous chorus. Her accusation was direct. He saw it was futile to contradict it.

"But why cannot we drop those feelings?"

He did not look her in the eyes, for he felt that her gaze was upon the Kittatinny mountains across the river and upon the steep shale pilades which rose perpendicularly to view where the mountains came down to the river valley.



VIEW OVER NORTH END OF MINISINK ISLAND FROM JERSEY MINISINK.

"What a beautiful scene that is!" she said. "Yet it is deceptive. In those mountains there are dark ravines and precipices where one's life might be lost by a misstep. Compare it with the smooth future prospects of life. It is an easy thing to say drop those feelings of distrust which are between us, but back of it and in it we could not do away with the footfalls and dangerous precipices which would be in our future prospects any more than we could do away with them in the mountains."

"We could guard against the missteps," replied Lem.

"How?" said Bethune, looking him steadily in the eyes.

"By trusting each other," he replied.

"Have we not done so? You know I thought well of you—that I reposed confidence in you in the belief that you thought well of me. How did it result? You undertook to trifle with that regard in public by slighting me, and in an effort apparently to show others that you cared little about me."

"I meant nothing by it and I think that if this cursed Frenchman had not caught your eye with his fine clothes, you would not have let a little carelessness on my part—a thoughtless act or word perhaps—so arouse your feelings against me."

"There you made a mistake," said Bethune, with a trifle of irritation in the tones of her voice. "Antoine has qualities of true worth. He has never attempted to say a word against you or any one else. I liked you, but you made light of it. I turned then to one who can appreciate regard."

"He has been setting you up against me," said Lem. It was an ill-advised remark and he regretted it. "I'll take that back," he added. "I have no right to say that of him without proof."

"No you have not."

"Is there nothing I can say to bring back the old times?" asked Lem.

"You have said nothing yet."

"Then we are to part?"

"It seems so," she replied.

"What is that coming down the river?" called out Mark to them.

They looked up the wide current of rippling water overhung on either side by the arms of giant trees, of itself a magnificent awe-inspiring scene of wild grandeur. Upon its surface was a canoe borne in uncertain movements down the stream. Mark and

Freme joined them.

"There is some one in that canoe," said Mark.

"But why does he let it turn round that way?" asked Lem. as it was slowly turned around by the action of the water.

"There may be some one lying down in it, so as to get close enough to shoot at us," said Freme.

"It does look like an Indian trick," said Bethune.

"We can get behind these big trees when it comes close enough for that," said Mark.

Meantime the canoe drifted against a rock which was in the river and so near the surface as to obstruct its course. For a moment or two it hung there across the current, and then eddyed around very slowly, and moved on down the stream. The occupant of the frail vessel, for it was plainly of Indian construction, was to be seen in a sitting posture, stooping forward, his head resting on his knees, his arms at his side and hanging down inertly.

"It is an Indian," said Lem.

"But a dead one, sure enough," said Mark.

The canoe was now so near that it was easy to be seen that its occupant was lifeless. The upper part of his body was naked, and large thongs of bark had been used to tie the corpse on the seat. The sun shown upon the ghastly form with fervent heat. The white bone forming the top of the skull was distinctly visible, for the scalping knife had been at work there and the scalp was gone.

"Let us get away from that horrible sight," exclaimed Bethune. It was in truth an awful spectacle of "man's inhumanity to man," and the party started back toward home. The frail canoe passed on down the river—now touching the shore, then turning and rocking as it sheered off into deeper water—bearing its mute cargo on an aimless voyage.

"That's another victim of the scalp hunters," Mark observed. Lem. turned and took a last look at the gruesome spectacle. It was still turning and whirling and rocking on its uncertain way, and a cloud of flies were hovering about it.

"That's some of Tom Quick's work* I guess," said he.

*This supposition may or may not have been true as to Quick. McJung says, "But certain it is the white man killed the chief, and scalped him, and to give his abominable crime publicity, set the dead body upright in the canoe, and in this manner caused it to drift down the river, where it was beheld by many as it passed them." Drake's American Indians, p. 538.

For years afterwards that spectacle haunted the memory of those who witnessed it. It very effectually destroyed the plans and purposes of that afternoon for the young people. Upon their arrival at the house there was no thread of conversation taken up by them, but it drifted into allusions to the ghostly canoe with its horrible load that was drifting on down the river.

When Mark and Lem. took their departure, Bethune bade the latter good bye in a sad and low voice.

"You have driven me from you," she said. He fancied that her eyes were moist as she said it, but his rebellious nature refused to acquiesce in such a thought. "Good bye," "Good bye," and they parted.

He went home firm in the belief that the blame was hers. She retired that night firmly convinced that her feelings toward Lemuel Van-Zaudt had not changed—no, never changed. But "he had driven her from him," she had told him that, and that it would take another to "drive her back." It would be, yes, it should be through another's efforts if she allowed herself to be driven back! With that thought throbbing in her excited brain, sleep was driven from her eyes that night for hours.

What a contrast between her storm driven mind and the happy reflections of Fremel! The latter fell asleep with love and happiness filling her soul with its melody. Roseate dreams hovered over her. The great mountains, the mighty forests, the beautiful sunshine, the rapid flowing river, appeared to her as ideal supports to one condition of the human soul only, and that was love, love, love. Driven back, was an unknown action to her mind. The sunshine could not be driven back, the river could not be driven back, the mountains could not be driven back, nor the forests be driven back without destruction; and as all were summed up in the hymn of love, which haunted her dreams—she never dreamed that there could be any such thing as driven back, any more than the canoe with the murdered Indian in it could move unaided up the river.

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE TIMES OF 1763-4.

"And as, far off across the winding stream,
 Like flashes from a half forgotten dream,
 I see the farms and homes, where oft since then
 The wedding guest and winding sheet have been,
 And see the cloudy banners of the sky
 Cast drifting shadows on the fields of rye,
 And see the trees with red and yellow stained,
 As if some autumn of my youth remained;
 I feel that here is found, again at last,
 The real presence of a charming past "

—My Early Home.

THE suit brought by Ebenezer Willson against Stephen Court-right aroused all the dormant interests both of the proprietors of New Jersey, and also of claimants to title under the Minisink patent, which was conceded to be a New York colony device for obtaining possession of lands from Easton to Peenpack. We say dormant, because for thirty years the rival claims had mostly been a bone of contention in the legislatures of the colonies, and the local battles among the settlers had shrunk into petty importance compared with the boundary war of 1730-40, when Major Swartwout had been ejected in Peenpack by the Jersey claimants.*

Stephen, and his father before him, had resolutely refused to take part in those border battles, insisting that it was the duty of those of whom they purchased to defend the land titles. Hence, since the New York claimants had now chosen to attack Mr. Courtright, who had all his life remained neutral, it aroused all the more interest on the part of the New Jersey Proprietors. William Alexander, who had the papers of his father, James Alexander, and was conversant with all the history of those border troubles, had his attention called to the case by Mr. Boudinot, and suggested that a warrant be issued to arrest Major Swartwout, who had been reinstated by New York Province, and bring up the

*Notwithstanding the Major's precautions to defend his possessions it appears that at a certain time about 1740, his family were expelled and his goods removed out of the house and possession taken by the intruders. This was in his absence and while his wife was confined to her bed by the birth of a child, and it caused her death."—Peter Gumaer in Eager's History of Orange County p. 378.

old suit against him on behalf of the Jersey claimants, which had been pending for upwards of thirty years. He had been helped by Constable Westbrook, of the upper Minisink neighborhood, and the two were powerful men. It was therefore determined to attempt his capture by an unexpected ruse.

Sheriff Darby summoned a dozen deputies, for he well remembered the trouble his predecessor sheriff, Peter Smoke, had in 1730 with these parties. Stephen Courtright refused to act as deputy, and the sheriff secured the assistance of one of the Westfall boys to act as guide in Stephen's place. As Swartwout lived above Mackhackamack, it was resolved to watch for his appearance in the Carpenter Point neighborhood. It was known that he attended the Mackhackamack church, which stood on the river flat, about a mile north of the junction of the Never-sink with the Delaware. Accordingly the sheriff came up to Minisink village on a Saturday night, and with his deputies, the next morning went up to near the church and hid themselves in the brush within sight of its entrance. Westfall gave them the signal when he saw the Major enter the church, but it was resolved to await his coming out before attempting his capture. Rev. Thomas Romeyn preached a terribly long discourse that day, but when the sheriff's party heard the bustle of dismissal within the edifice, the company lined up on each side of the doorway and waited. When the Major came out Westfall cried out "Hello Major!" and Sheriff Darby grasped him by the arm and said "I have a warrant for your arrest and I am the sheriff of New Jersey. I command you to surrender in the King's name!"

The instant the Major heard the official title of his assailant he knew the object, and he at once struck off the sheriff's hand. Johannis Westbrook, his reliable second, at once appeared and clenched the sheriff's arms. But at this juncture the sheriff's deputies came to his aid and seized the Major. The battle which ensued was a rough and determined one, but the sheriff succeeded in dragging both the Major and his friend Westbrook away to where they had horses in waiting, from whence they carted them speedily and roughly to the new jail in Newtown.*

This movement speedily brought Col. Mathews from Orange county,

*This action greatly surprised the New York claimants, as James Alexander had been counsel for Major Swartwout, and this change of base by James' son William, to assist the New Jersey claimants was an unexpected blow. Still the New York parties credited this move, mostly to Elias Boudinot. James Alexander had argued that the true line ran just south of A.J. Swartwout's house.—N. J. Archives, vol. viii, p. 200.

and he found that the New Jersey people now had as vigorous a case against the New York titles as he had brought against Courtright. He found himself reduced to this alternative, viz: to either use the same plea which his opponents, Doud and Boudinot, had used, awaiting the action of the crown for a settlement of the boundary line between the provinces and give bail for Swartwout and Westbrook for resisting the officers and for forcible entry and detainer; or to let them remain in jail. As the latter might involve their imprisonment for years, he used the former plea and secured their release on bail.

"Now we've got the colonel," remarked Doud to his associate Boudinot. "He cannot come into court again in Courtright's case, and attempt to bring it to a trial after he has in this instance pleaded for the abatement of this action against Swartwout until the matter is decided by the Crown. The Crown's decision may not arrive in several years so we can consider Courtright out of danger until that time at least."

This view of the case was communicated by Boudinot to Mark VanTuyle, and Mark lost no time in carrying the tidings to Freme. This removed the only objection to their marriage, for the trouble which had been hanging over her father had impelled her hitherto to refuse to accede to Mark's importunities to name the happy day.

That was settled upon for the second Wednesday of October, and no sooner had it been announced in the family than Bethune made known to them that she had consented to an early marriage with Antoine whose visits had been very frequent in number for some months.

"Why not kill two birds at one clip," said John, "by having both weddings at the same time?"

"That's not a bad suggestion," said Mrs. Courtright, who had in view the preliminary work meant by such an event for her. After a deal of such consultation among all interested, it was resolved to have both weddings at the time indicated and preparations were quickly got under way for it.

The prospect of a double marriage was an unusual, in truth we may say at that time, an unprecedented, event in Minisink. It aroused great interest among the neighbors of Stephen Courtright, and was *the news* from Peenpack to Wallpack. The great majority of the

younger feminine population rejoiced in the prospective happiness of Mark and Freme, while many of the older ones insisted that Bethune was making a good match. The men were almost universally skeptical as to Antoine's wealth and intimated time and again that he was only an adventurer.

One afternoon of a bright summer day when he was calling on Bethune an incident occurred which strengthened them in that belief. The two had walked down the road to where a small bridge spanned a mountain stream which ran down toward the Delaware. Stopping upon it they leaned over the rude handrail at one side and looked at the little brook as it rippled along among the rocks.



"Ah Bethune, so long ze time seems when our housekeeping shall begin!" observed Antoine.

"Where shall it be?" asked Bethune.

"Not in zis valley my dear. Too much ze dispute I fear. Von pny's land of ze Jersey proprietairs and ze New York colony zay, 'it is mine.'"

Von puy of ze New York proprietaire, and ze New Jersey men zay, 'it is mine.' Vot you zay to our going to Feeladelfi and zen look about? Puy vere ze land no von dispute!"

"Perhaps that would be best," she replied.

"Zen we iz agreed," he observed.

"Yet I hate to leave this dear old valley and all the good people I have known," said Bethune.

"Ah my dear, so true of you. Yet new friends we shall find. Good people zere ees all ze world over."

"Here comes one of the Westfall boys," said Bethune indicating a young man who was coming down the road toward them.

As Antoine in obedience to her remark looked up the road, there was heard a rustle near them on the other side. Both turned their gaze in that direction. An unexpected apparition was coming toward the bridge. It was an elderly Indian, bearing a rifle on his shoulder. He had approached so near them before they heard him, that the wild and sudden sight was calculated to terrify a person not used to the Redmens' peculiarities. It had that effect on Antoine, who threw himself over the hand-rail into the shallow water of the creek and scrambled into hiding in a bunch of brush on the shore.

Bethune laughed, for she recognized Papenhunk and he evidently recognized her by the hideous grin which overspread his homely face, as he said, "Howde?"

"Tony andogowakeeweekin?" (where goes yonder) he asked without a muscle of his face changing to indicate that he had noticed the muskrat like plunge of Antoine.

"Hitah" (a friend) replied Bethune, "but talk English or Dutch, for I have forgotten many words in your language."

"Brave much not seen," continued Papenhunk.

Bethune looked in the direction in which the Indian's gaze was directed and could hardly forbear from laughing. Antoine had his head ensconced in a thick bunch of alders on the creek's bank in which however he could not draw his body, which was in plain view. Young Westfall too was passing them and Bethune foresaw that he would spread the report of Antoine's timidity.

"Me drive um away. Me drive um back," said Papenhunk, starting to walk around to the other side of Antoine's hiding place.

"No, no, good Papenhunk! He will come back," interposed Bethune.

The old Indian then passed on up the road and Antoine came forth, judging from the conversation he had heard that the warrior must have been a friendly Indian and known to Bethune. His clothes were much torn and were dripping with water when he climbed back upon the bridge. The metamorphosis in his appearance was striking. He went over the bridge a dandy and climbed back upon it a half-drowned *gareon*, to use his own expression.

"So that was von what you call him—von warrior?"

"A good old Indian, Poppyhunk we call him, who sometimes stops at our house," replied Bethune.

"Has he von, vot you call zat name?"

"Papenhunk is his Indian name, but the white people call him Old Poppyhunk. Its a long time since he has been here."

"And does he live anywhere?"

"His home he says is on the Susquehanna river some two days journey from here."

"Vell zat is ze first wild Eengeen I make my acquaint wiz. I don't like ze make up of him—too much copper color and yellow streaks—too much sharp eye—too much ze ugly in his looks."

"The first acquaintance you have formed with him I see has had a bad effect on you," said Bethune, laughing. "That yellow paint on his face though, was to signify to all he met that his mission was one of peace. He is a Moravian teacher."

Meanwhile Papenhunk strode on up the road with an eye to everything on either side of him and ahead. He knew that he was liable to be shot from ambush by some conscienceless white man any moment, and his temerity in thus walking in the King's road added to his danger. At last he came in sight of Stephen Courtright's log house. No one was in view by the house, but at a distance from it he perceivod the old settler at work in a field of corn. This he went toward. Just as he arrived at the brush and rail fence which enclosed the field, his friend Courtright having nicely hoed up a hill of corn, straightened up to rest his back a moment and glanced with manifest pride over the field. Here it was, about July 1st., and the crop of corn had attained a more than "knee high" growth. As he glanced over the field his eyes were fixed upon a sight which startled

him. At one place in the fence which surrounded the field saplings had been lopped down to strengthen it and a lot of young sprouts had obtained a vigorous growth. Through them he caught an indistinct



sight of an Indian. It operated on him very nearly as it had upon Antoine. His rifle was at the house, he was defenceless. Dropping flat upon the ground so that the corn screened him from the sight of the Indian, he shouted with all his might:—

“Tige, Tige, Tige! Donner und Blitzen, vere’s dem dogs?”

The dogs heard him and ran to his defense with a rush, while Mrs.

Courtright appeared at the door of the house with his rifle, and the girls also came out with rifles.

At this juncture he raised himself so as to peep out through the corn leaves, and he beheld the Indian coming through the corn towards him. He was completely reassured by it for he recognized the friendly old face of Papenhunk and jumped to his feet.

“Here Tige! Stop dot barks! Stop I say!”

Then he halloed to his wife, “No danger! Its Poppyhunk!”

The dogs had by this time arrived and he enforced his orders for them to stop and silenced them with sundry kicks. Papenhunk came loping up with the usual Indian greeting (copied from the whites) “How de?”

Then Papenhunk squat down upon his haunches on the ground, drew his blanket around his shoulders and produced a pipe and tobacco, another evidence of the advance of civilization. Filling it from the tobacco in a pouch at his girdle, he took a flint out of another pouch which hung at his side, spread a little fuzzy tow on a stone and striking the back of his knife against the flint the spark therefrom dropped in the tow. A fire resulted, which he transferred to the tobacco in the pipe and began to smoke.

“A long time it is since you vos here,” said Courtright.

“Nisha katingan (two years) have passed. The hatchet has been laid

aside. Me nothing to say." He fell into the English manner of speaking, using Indian words occasionally.

"Come to de house. A long journey maybe you have traveled. Rest."

So saying Courtright started for the house and Papenhunk arose and followed. Mrs. Courtright Freme and Bethune welcomed the old Indian heartily and prepared a bowl of samp and milk for his refreshment. He spread his blanket on the floor and seated himself upon it Turk fashion while he partook of their hospitality.

"Any news from the west?" Courtright asked it in the same sense we now speak of California or Oregon, for the great forests beyond the Delaware were then the "West" to Jerseymen.

"Bad news. Tadeuskund, who buried the hatchet between the pale faces of Minisink and the Lenni Lenapes (Delawares) has fallen."

"Vas he killed?"

"Ugh! Maybe killed. The Acquanuschioni (United People or Six Nations) were angry with him. 'Behold,' said they to him 'we took away from you a squaw's dress and put a tomahawk in your hands. With it you were to avenge your nation's wrongs. All the land in Minisink toward the setting sun across the Lamespose (Fishkill) the whites cheated your nation out of. There was no return of it. The white man's court turned a deaf ear to your complaints. Your people were cheated and robbed of their furs. There was no return. Did they complain, the big pale face would say to them: 'Be off or we will kill you!' "

"To true dot vas," said Courtright.

"Then Tadeuskund loosed his warriors to the war path. They struck strong and hard. Gnaddenhutton and other victories told of it. The heart of the pale face grew weak. The big man of New Jersey (Gov. Bernard) and the big man of Pennsylvania (Gov. Denny) sent out runners to Tadeuskund and to the Acquanuschioni. They must have talk. They met at The Forks (Easton, 1757.) They smoked the pipe of peace and buried the hatchet by advice of Sachem Tadeuskund. They went home. Then the pale faces built wigwams for Sachem Tadeuskund on the winding river (Susquehanna.) The Lenni-Lenape gave up their prisoners. They got nothing. They

saw Sachem Tadeuskund no more lun to hunt—no more lun to fish. The pale faces kept Minisink. The Lenni-Lenape and Acquanuschioni hunt—fish nor game no find. Their squaws and papposes starved. Tadeuskund was rich, favored of the pale face. He was a traitor.”

“So strange it did look,” observed Courtright.

“Pelenach kishow (five) moons ago, neo (four) Acquanushioni came to Tadeuskund’s house. Their hearts were like the venom of the rattlesnake, their talk was soft and beautiful like his skin. They talked of war. They drank of firewater brought with them. Tadeuskund drank of it. They talked and all drank of the scauri. When the moon rose they went away. He was heavy with scauri. He sank down in his house. He knew nothing. Then the Acquanuschioni clept up, and stluck a fire against the house. The bad spirit was there. The Good Manitou would not interfere. Tadeuskund’s bones next day were in the ashes of his house*.”

“Bad news it seems; do you think war will be commenced again against Minisink?”

No. Some time ago choesh or telen (8 or 10) Lenni-Lenape came to Bethlehem to sell furs. Making good tlade they go back. About choesh milen away they stop. John Stlenton keep um inn. They stop over night. Stlenton not home, his wife say to more pale faces, ‘I will give a gallon of scauri to any who kill um Lenni-Lenape—um devils’. Next morning when get up poor Lenni Lenape’s tlade him all stolen. They say to tavern man ‘give us our goods.’ He say ‘get away from here.’ Em go to woods. Neo go to Bethlehem. Get magistrate write to taveln man give ’em goods. Go back and hand paper to taveln man. He say ‘go away or me kill you.’ So no get goods. Go home poor.”

“Yet Christianity we teach!” groaned Courtright.

Papenhunk resumed: “Kooty Kishow (one moon) later, Zachary, a Molavian Lenni Lenape from Wechquetank, came to Bethlehem. Him have his wife and benoingtged (boy), also Zippora, Christian ochqueu (squaw), with him. When they go home stop at Buchkabuchka ovel night. Sleep in haymow. Capt. John Jacob Wetterholt had soldiers in that town. In night come in barn, climb mow, throw

*This took place in April, 1763.



poor Zippora to barn floor—kill her. Zachary, wife and benoingted, get out in field—lun. Soldiers overtake um. Cut him down with big knife—her cly for life on bended knees—benoingted cly for life—no mercy—stick big knife through benoingted—cut squaw to pieces. Great Spirit hear um cly out in night.”

“Capt. Wetterhold should be hanged!” exclaimed Courtright.

“He is dead,” said Papenhunk. “The four brothers of Zachary did it. The Acquanuschioni said they would wipe out

Stlenton’s in blood. They have done so.”*

“Dot means anoder Minisink war,” said Courtright.

“I have told you, hitah takomen,” replied the Indian. “Not telen kishow (ten months) hence will come. No sachem cross the Lamespose (Fishkill or north branch of the Delaware) only some relative of murdered Lenni Lenape to avenge death. Keep watch.”

Having finished his narrative Papenhunk resumed his pipe and tobacco and smoked some time in silence. At last he said:

“Squatid (daughter) marry?”

Courtright glanced at his wife and she looked at Freme. Papenhunk interpreted the glance to mean that his question referred to that young lady.

“Nisha squatid,” said Papenhunk.

“Our eldest daughter dot he must have seen,” said Courtright. “Yes our eldest daughter is to be married soon—second Wednesday in October.”

“Too big him, her brave,” observed the old Indian gravely. “Too much him blankets. Maybe have squaw another place.”

“No,” said Courtright. “Once he had. Away off in St. Domingo he French was. A wife dere he had. One night von grand battle there was. De negroes rose to kill de whites. Murder, fire, ruin, they did.

*Oct. 7th, 1763, Capt. Jacob Wetterholt with his party left Bethlehem on their way to Fort Allen. That night they lodged at John Stenton’s store and tavern. Against this house the Indians burned with revenge, as well as against Wetterholt. The Indians approached the house unperceived during the night and when the door opened about daylight fire was opened by the Indians and Wetterholt and Stenton were killed with some others.—History of Northampton County, Pa.

His house burned, his young wife killed, he fled to a ship. Here he arrived. Two years he now here. Good man."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the old Indian, shrugging his shoulders, "Now me go."

Mrs. Courtright and Freme pressed him to remain and partake of more refreshments, but he gathered his blanket around his shoulders and shaking hands with much gravity with them all, took up his rifle. The old gentleman presented him with a paper of tobacco, which he accepted with the decorum of a chief around a council fire.

"Me feel like mighty (bad) here," placing his hand on his heart; "something mighty may come blotter. Me Chlistian Lenni Lenape—God ovel all. He care for us." So saying he stepped out into the sunshine, and strode away across the clearing into the forest.*

*There is much to be said in praise of Papenhunk at this time. The treaty of 1757 arranged through the exertions of Tadeuskund, had resulted in an observance of peace by the Indians, but only by a half observance on the part of the whites. Men of Tom Quick's class prowled in the woods and murdered peaceful Indians with the greatest brutality. They were not tried, nor even arrested, for the pious people of those days sanctioned such doings by rather praising the murder on the ground that it was removing an infidel, or unbeliever, and doing the cause of religion a service, rather than committing an offence. Therefore when Tadeuskund had houses built for him by the Pennsylvania government, on the banks of the Susquehanna in 1758, where he lived at this case, it aroused the animosity of the Indians, who beheld in him a traitor who had made the treaty to protect pale faces and not their own race. His death followed as Papenhunk narrated, and also the retaliation by the relatives of murdered Zachary. The white settlers recognized no justice in it and clamored for the blood of all the Indians peaceable or otherwise. In consequence of this animosity the Christian Indians were removed to Philadelphia for safety, where they were kept imprisoned for many months. Hence when Papenhunk was sent on a mission to the Susquehanna, he undertook it at the peril of his life. He gave his word that he would return, and it was while he was journeying back to captivity to fulfill that promise that he paid the visit to his old friend Courtright, here narrated.

CHAPTER X.

ALL IN THE FAMILY.

"Night wanes—the vapours round the mountains curled
 Melt into morn. and light awakes the world;
 Man has another day to swell the past,
 And lead him near to little, but his last;
 But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,
 The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
 Flowers in the valley, splendor in the beam,
 Health on the gale and freshness in the stream.
 Immortal man! Behold her glories shine,
 And cry exulting inly, 'They are thine!'
 Gaze on while yet thy gladdened eye may see,
 A morrow comes when they are not for thee."

—Byron.

WHO will we ask to our wedding my dear Freme?" inquired Mark one evening as they sat in the log cabin discussing their coming nuptials.

"Why as to that Mark it is settled that we are to have one guest at least. When Poppyhunk was here the other afternoon father, mother, and myself, asked him to the wedding. He said he would come and his word is as binding as though it was put in writing and security given. He will come."

"We ought to ask Lem. VanZandt."

"I don't think he will come if we do," rejoined Freme. "I hear he is dreadfully cut up about Bethune's actions."

"What will that have to do with us?" asked Mark gaily. "He can come to our wedding as our guest, and he need not see Antoine and Bethune married unless he wants to."

Freme's silvery laugh interrupted him. "Why how could he help it? All four of us on the floor at once in front of the dominie and he in front looking on!"

"Which side of the ceremony do we take part in, the right or left?"

"The right side of Antoine and Bethune."

That would bring us opposite Lem's left eye if he was facing us. Couldn't he then close his right eye and shut out the sight of Antoine and Bethune?"

"Nonsense. But, without joking, I think we had better invite him, and you are the one to do it," said Freme. "Tell him the invitation was sent him by me."

"Agreed. I think he will come."

Several other guests and minor arrangements were agreed upon, and the lovers, happy with themselves, happier perhaps with their surroundings than many other couples have been in marble palaces, indulged in roseate dreams of the future, which it is unnecessary for us to inscribe as a part of this narrative. All the future was ahead of them. Its trials and hardships were hidden. Its joys were alone in anticipation seen. Happy, happy, happy! Oh, lovers of the river valley and the mountain side where forests nestled in primitive grandeur, and the voices of nature and contentment whispered in breezes of health and strength by day and night! The country is the home of true-born happiness, the city of care and calculation! The country, with its mountains and valleys, its nearness to the great heart of nature, its happy lovers and happy homes, oh how blest!

In pursuance of the conversation related Mark went to Peenpack shortly afterward and sought out his friend Lem. The latter was disheartened and moody. We do not propose to here narrate all the arguments used by Mark, which at last overcame his objections to attending the wedding, and made him consent to "look on" for they were many and occupied much time.

It was about this time one afternoon, when the family were all indoors owing to a storm, that Freme broached a matter which she and Bethune had been considering for some time.

"Pa," said she, "have you any objections to Dominic Romeyn's performing the marriage ceremony?"

Now this was broaching a delicate subject, for just at that time there was in progress one of the bitterest religious controversies within the Dutch Reformed church which it had encountered, or has since encountered. It grew out of the gradual awakening of a spirit of independence in the colonies which began to find its way through all stratas of civil and religious life in them except the Episcopalian, or Established church of England. The latter denomination remained faithful to England always.

But in the Dutch Reformed church it was different. That denomination had no competitor for faith or favor in Minisink. The churches of Mackhackamack (now Port Jervis neighborhood), Smithfield, (in Pennsylvania Minisink), Minisink (now Montague), and Walpick, were the

only ones in the Minisink country at that time. When the Minisink war broke out in 1753-4, the minister stationed over them, John Casyarus Fryenmuth, whose parsonage was at Nomanock near Minisink village, went away. After the war had ceased by the treaties with Tadeuskund in 1757-8, Rev. Thomas Romeyn was installed as pastor. In the meantime the leaven of independence had been working and the Dutch Reformed churches of the colonies had succeeded in getting the consent of the parent church in the mother country, Holland, to their having a classis in America at which ministers could be ordained. Before that ministers could only be ordained in Holland. No sooner was this change understood than a powerful opposition to its adoption was made manifest. Many ministers led this opposition. It would ruin the church in America, they argued, for they were too weak to maintain themselves, and it would lead to the ordination of unqualified ministers to enter an already over supplied field. There was a bitter struggle over it, which lasted a number of years and then died out, leaving independence triumphant. But while it lasted it was a bitter struggle—the dawning of liberty through clouds.

“Aha!” said the old gentleman in no gentle tone. “Dominie Romeyn in dis house to come? Ha, Ha! I him see in dis house comin’ I think; but not while here I am.”

“Who then would you have?” mildly asked his wife.

“Who? Why my old frent Abraham VanCampen. He’s no conferentie man.”

“Be married by the schepen!*” exclaimed in unison Bethune and Freme in dismay.

“Und why not by the schepen? Your ma and I were married a schepen py, and so binding it vas!”

“But Stephen, the girls would like to be married by a minister. All the marriages mostly are now by a minister.” Mrs. Courtright put this plea forward timidly as if she was not quite sure how her husband would regard it.

“And Antoine wants the minister,” said Bethune.

“And Mark wants the minister,” said Freme.

“Stiffnecked pride it all iss,” said the old gentleman.

“The girls want the dominie because they’re getting prond, the young men want the dominie so prond they am; and the dominie he the earth wants to keep him prond.”

*German for magistrate; Mr. VanCampen was a justice of the peace.

"Dominie Romeyn holds his head above some others because he was ordained in Holland, and wants to make all ministers in America go there when ordained they must be. Such stiffnecked conferentie men I no use have for."*

"But, pa, think of the other side. You believe that the coetus party are right in their views that the Dutch Reformed church of this country should ordain its own ministers in this country. You nevertheless recognize the truth that Dominie Romeyn is the chosen head of the church in this valley. He is a good man, you will concede that." Freme stopped for fear she was saying too much.

"Vat is a goot man? Von who stands py his country. Romeyn stands by his pride, and dot de devil's hand maid iss," returned her father. "Ven I argue I nefer agree to notting."

"But we are not arguing, we are asking a favor," said Freme.

"Und is Abraham VanCampen a goot man not? Und vot difference the fee makes my childers? For he the Dominie's fotther-in-law† iss und its all in de family."

That was an unlucky quotation for him.

"All in the family sure enough!" said Bethune.

"All in the family!" echoed her mother.

"All in the family! Then if Mr. VanCampen comes, and Conferentie is in the family, why isn't it just the same to you if the Dominie comes, for its all in the family you see?" plead Freme.

"Oh, pa, please let us be married by the Dominie!" Both daughters joined in this appeal.

"Please Stephen, let the girls have their way this time, for its all in the family!" said Mrs. Courtright.

"Der tuyfil take it you me haf got. I gifs in. Somehow dot 'all the family in' I gifs up to." Stephen groaned and remained silent for some time. "Your own way haf! I gives up! All de family in, it is!"

And so the "all in the family" plea won the day for the girls and their mother's pride, for not many young women had hitherto enjoyed the distinction in that valley of being married by a Dominie.

Thenceforward the wedding preparations went forward with renewed

*The adherents to the old church policy were termed the "Conferentie" party, those in favor of breaking loose from Holland classis the "Coetus" party. The controversy between them was a bitter one.

†Rev. Thomas Romeyn married for a second wife, Susan, daughter of Abraham VanCampen, of Iahaquarry.—Peck's Hist. Sussex Co., p. 331.

vigor. There were weaving, cutting and making, fitting, trying on, and ripping, making up, and making over, going on almost uninterruptingly for the months previous to the great event. Each girl had then to have her feather bed, and Courtright's poor geese were forced to stalk about among the stumps almost naked, their feathers having been plucked off in spite of the stiff fight put up by the old gander, and piteous squawks of his wives. His forlorn appearance, but a shadow of his former self, at any other time would have aroused the mirth of the master of the house, but, on this occasion, when Stephen first thereafter arrived in sight of the old bird, which he soon did, it awoke commiseration in his heart. Every time he saw him his thoughts ran something like this:

"Don't mind old chap. I de same boat am in. Your fine fedders gone; my coetus fedders plucked dey have been. But they're 'all de family in,' and dot some consolation iss."

Nevertheless that consolation did not erase from his mind a sad feeling. The words of Papenhunk, "me feel mighty here" when he laid his hand on his heart at their last parting came back to his mind forcibly. The chief evidently meant to convey by his words and gesture that he believed some misfortune was impending over his friend. Stephen, when he laid his hand upon his heart could repeat sincerely Papenhunk's declaration. There was a premonition of coming misfortune in his soul. Whence it came or whence it tended he knew not. Yet it sat heavy on his mind, and he could not unseat it.



CHAPTER XI.

TOM QUICK'S LAST JERSEY SHOT.

"To whom thus Michael. 'Dream not of their fight,
 As of a duel, or the local wounds
 Of head or heel: not therefore joins the son
 Manhood to godhead, with more strength to foil
 Thy enemy; nor so is overcome
 Satan, whose fall from Heaven, a deadlier bruise,
 Disabled, not to give thee thy death's wound;
 Which he, who comes thy Savior shall recure,
 Not by destroying Satan, but his works
 In thee and in thy seed'"

—Milton's *Paradise Lost*—Michael to Adam.

WHEN the maize is ripe" was the usual expression in the Unami and Wunalichto languages to designate the month of October. In 1764, the second Wednesday of that month came on the 10th. Two days before that Papenhunk made his appearance at Courtright's to attend the marriage of his old friend's daughters, as he had promised. He promptly and willingly lent his aid the first day he reached there in procuring evergreens for decorating the interior of the house, and proved a skillful decorator with them.

"Me feel machtit (bad)," he said to Courtright upon his arrival after they had settled down in the cabin for a talk during a lull in the work.

"And someding it iss I feel too," remarked that gentleman. "It's somedime ago dat a peeg I had. Dat peeg von afternoon vos bewitched. It could not de way home find, till dark. Den a painter cotched it and away he went mit it. Shorge und Shon und I we followed and shot dot painter, but de peeg died. Dot vas pad luck number ein. Den dot Tom Quick he shot dot Indian Wanato shust near here and dot vas pad luck number swei. Had not you been here and proved to your countrymen dot I nothting had mit it to do all of us here might have been killed for revenge. Dot law suit now pad luck number trei may turn out, may be not."

"Michty Pentamm (bad to bear) lose um pig. Me lose um self in plison many moons.* No find self out now but me wullit (good.) Me

*He was one of the few set at liberty in Philadelphia at this time, of whom Loskeil says: "In autumn the confined Indians made another effort to procure their enlargement, and government granted passports to some of the most steady with leave to go to the Susquehanna, but could not with prudence entend this permission to all."—Page 229.

no mouln. Kischellemelangcop (the creator of the world) made it wullit. Me live ol die alle same no mouln," said Papenhunk.

"Dots true Pophunk," rejoined Courtright. My countrymen dislike your people so, dot reason out of dere heads has flown."

"Pale faces say want light. Yet um pale face ochquen (woman) at Stlenton's say kill um led devils! Steal um goods! Stlenton too cheat um Lennos. No law make um light. Same was Wettelholt; kill um Zakaly, no law make right flum pale face. Len his brotheis meet. Send kooty (one) Lenno tlade in Bethlehem. Keep um ears ears open. Hear say Wettelholt and kootash (six) pale faces, stlay in Stlenton's next night. Lun home—say so. Lennos take knives, dig up um hatchets, sing um war song, go on war path. Cleep close up to um Stlenton's. Kill um Stlenton — kill um Wetterholt — make right um wrongs to Lennos."

"Dot vos red man's law," said Courtright.

"Pale face law too," rejoined Papenhunk.* For len um pale paces come up evellywhere, say kill um! Kill um Lennos! Len govelnment put all um Mecheek Bambilum (Bible) Lennos in prison to save um lives."

"How much longer it last?" said Courtright.

"Ask the winds how long they will blow," said Papenhunk.

"De Six Nations nit our peoples a peace will some time make. Dot end it,' said Courtright. "But are sure dot no von saw you come here?"

"Me saw pale face at blidge near by go toward Minisink," replied Papenhunk.

"If dot man going to Minisink saw you und dells Tom Queek, ve must von lookout keep."

"Tom knows he's here," said George joining in the conversation. "When I was in the blacksmith shop in Minisink this afternoon, Jacobus Westbrook said that he had heard that Papenhunk was to be here this afternoon. He also said that Tom was at the tavern there this afternoon, and had the scalp of an Indian newly took, and an extra rifle which he wanted to sell. Tom had been over to the Peppercotton

*Loskell says of him, page 206: "Papenhunk, a man naturally vain and high in his own conceit, was in a short time so overcome by the divine power attending the word of the cross that he cast all his own righteousness aside. The extraordinary change wrought in him was remarkably obvious. He at length came to brother Zeisberger, confessing himself a sinner though he had been a teacher of morality, and requested earnestly to be baptized. His request was granted June 26 (1763.) At his baptism he made a solemn declaration of his faith before all the people, adding that he had formerly preached to them believing himself a good man not knowing he was so miserable a creature, and begged them to forgive and forget what he had formerly done. He was then baptised and named John."

(Papakating) to visit Jacobus Quick, a relative of his. On his way back he said as he was coming along by Colvers' lake he heard a wild turkey call up in the woods to the left. When he first heard it he thought it was an old hen turkey calling to her young ones, but when he heard it the second time his ready ear detected a peculiarity about it, and he resolved to see about it. Accordingly he crept up towards it, and caught sight of an Indian with his rifle ready to use watching for him to appear. Tom took aim from his hiding place and the first the Indian knew that he was so close was the flash of Tom's rifle and the crash of a bullet through his bones."

"Paleface say it; Lenno no say his way; He dead," said Papenhunk.

"And what else did Westbrook say about it?" queried Mr. Courtright.

"He said that some of the men in the tavern told Tom Quick that Papenhunk was up to old man Courtright's and might lay a trap for Tom."

"'Papenhunk lay for him!' That's some of their drunken nonsense. De ambosh vill pe laid py Tom, don't you doubt it. Dere's joost von ting to do. Ven dis wedding iss ofer, swei of us shall go mit Papenhunk ofer de river. Dot vagabond Tom must no hurt mak for him."

It was now in the dusk of evening and departing day hung low over the Kittatinny mountains across the river, flashing in streaks in the sky from whence the reflection glowed in the Delaware's lordly current and tinting the foliage of the great forests along it. It was a beautiful scene. Yet even in the midst of that lovely hour, there came a sound of horrible import, borne faintly at first on the light breeze. It at first was taken by Stephen Courtright for the rolling and prolonged bark of a deer hound or fox hound. Papenhunk shook his head.

"Marchkec moos (red deer) got angelyn (to die)" said he.

Mrs. Courtright, Bethune, and Fremie, came out and joined the men in listening. The sound came nearer.

"Dem wolves are bound to have dere meat," said the old gentleman. "Many's de time I haf dem heard running down a deer."

"And all the wolves seem to hear when a deer is started and join in the pursuit, apparently trying to see which can howl the loudest," said George.

"Just the same as human beings," observed John. "No sooner does one man exhibit some weakness than all the rest will start on his track to down him and each one try to shout abuse at him worse and louder than some one else."

"All le same Lenno," grunted Papenhunk. "Him all le time hunted. Paleface say, 'kill um!' Len all palefaces say, kill um, kill um, kill um!"

"Or like an unfortunate woman," joined in Bethune. "Once a story begins about her, all the other women join in magnifying the story and running her down."

The rolling and united howl of many wolves now was heard, clearer and more terribly defined than at first. As Mrs. Courtright said it was in truth a doleful sound. It came nearer—louder and more awful and terrible.

"What a dreadful death that poor deer will have!" said Freme.

"I'd just like to be in a tree with my rifle and ammunition when they went under it," quoth John.

"You may haf need for dot rifle where we are, for dot deer is comin' straight here," said his father. "Dey haf been known to run into a house for help."

The dogs gathered about the door and looked wisfully at their masters, as the howl of the hundreds of wolves came nearer and nearer.

"Dot deer after it swims de river may run here in its desperate chance for life," said Courtright. 'Haf you fastened dem sheep, dem hogs, and de horses and cows so notting to dem can get?' He looked at his sons.

"Everything is all right," they replied, "but perhaps it would be well to go and look over the fastenings."

"Me go see," said Papenhunk.

"Well, go ahead," said George, "and we'll get our shooting irons ready."

Mr. Courtright and his sons then went in the house and proceeded to see that their rifles and ammunition were in prime order for use.

"Dis may mean anodder pad luck," said the old gentleman

Tige gave a growl by the door as if he scented impending danger.

"Why not hit that horseshoe over the door a clip with the ram-rod, and maybe it will cause the witch to turn the danger aside,"

said John. "I'll try it anyway." So saying he drew back the ramrod to his rifle and dealt the horseshoe a whack. It gave out a sharp ring, but at the same instant a bright flash was seen from without and the roar of a rifle startled the group with its shock. The dogs flew out in a savage chorus and dashed toward the sheep pens. The men followed on the instant without a word and rushed on after the dogs.

On the ground near the pen entrance lay a human form. The sound of coming wolves was loud and discordant but showed that the hungry pack had turned down the river.

"Pophunk iss shot!" shouted Courtright.

The form of the assassin leaped toward the prostrate man from out of the darkness of the forest. He bore in one hand a scalping knife. Old Tige leaped out at him, but he swept a circle with the knife which the dog knew enough to keep outside of. George dropped on one knee and hastily fired at him. The bullet whistled so close to the daring man's head that it called him to a halt. He saw John preparing for a shot and turning round, ran back to the shelter of the forest, pursued by the dogs. The run of the wolves was still going down the river and their murderous howls were nearly opposite them.

Stephen Courtright knelt by the side of the old Indian and turned him partly around. Blood covered his face and welled slowly from a furrow cut by the bullet from his forehead to the crown of his head through the scalp.

"He's unconscious but no dead!" said Stephen excitedly. "Take a horse Shorge and get Dr. Bennet so quick as never vas. Shon and I will get him to de house."

"Old Tom didn't get his scalp anyway, and that's some consolation," said John.

George speedily got out a horse and vaulting on his back went at a breakneck pace toward the Point to summon Dr. Bennet.

John assisted his father in carrying Papenhunk carefully to the house. Mrs. Courtright lay some blankets on the floor and the unconscious form of their old friend was laid upon them. Then she procured some cloths and warm water and with Freme and Bethune's help proceeded to wash off the blood from his face and head.

"Old Tom didn't get his scalp that's what tickles me. 'Dot is anyhow someding' as Jurian Westphael used to say," said John.

"That Tom Quick ought to be hung," said Bethune.

"This will be his last shot in Jersey I think, for he'll know that people will have him arrested if he stays around here," said Freme.

Papenhunk now began to show signs of returning consciousness. When he first looked round at those about him it was with a wondering expression as though he did not understand the solicitude apparent on their faces, but it was soon plain that he recalled the cause of it.

"Me no angelyn (die)?" he asked.

"No good Papenhunk. I hope you will live many years to come," answered Freme.

"Dot was a close ask so it vas" observed her father.

"A close call you mean," said John. "All that saved him was that I hit that horseshoe with my ramrod at the right instant. It hit the old witch and turned the bullet to a glancing course and also turned the wolves from coming this way."

"Dot witch has a red streak got on her back so she has," said his father.

Papenhunk felt in the pouch at his belt and produced a curiously



carved stone, saying, "Me beson. Lenno always have beson for luck."

"Your beson was no good. It was the witch I hit when I hit the horseshoe that saved the whole caboodle," insisted John. "That deer was lost though, and I'll bet the wolves are gnawing its bones just now on the river bottom." He stepped to the door and listened. The howling of the wolves had ceased.

He encountered Dr. Bennet and George just entering.

"Hoity, toity, what has been going on neighbor Stephen?" inquired Dr. Bennet, when he entered.

"Some of Long Tom's work."

"I much fear that Tom will get us all into trouble if he continues to exterminate the heathen," said Dr. Bennet, laying his saddle bags on the table.

"But Poppyhunk is no heathen" said Freme. "He has been baptized at Bethlehem by Ziesburger and is as much a Christian as any of us."

"Ah my child you are too confiding. These pagans are a deceitful people. When they desire to reap some benefit from the white people, they will be good. They will be baptized. They will let the black coats pray over them. They will allow their ancestors to be called heathens, and their children stumbling blocks. But once let their point be carried by them, and away they will trot on their long shanks into the swamps, and hang a little beson around their necks, and declare that the Great Spirit made them superior to the whites. But *ait tem*, as the worthy Fryenmoet used to say—how bad is the wound?"

So saying he knelt by Papenhunk's side, and by the light of a tallow candle made a careful examination of his injuries. "Ha! A pretty hard contusion that on the occipital. No wonder it knocked the senses out of your cranium. It stood it all right though. No fracture. My good Redman your head must be harder than the d——l to have turned that bullet of Tom's off in that manner."

"'Twas the will of the Glate Spirit," said the old chief.

"Pshaw! God never bothered his head to save your skull. It was chance—pure good luck that saved you, or *possim* save, as Fryenmoet used to say."

"Me once say same doctor," said Papenhunk, "but me find beson no

good. Kooty time all lennos have beson Say lose um beson no have luck, no get game, no feel wullit. Have beson—much game—feel wullit. Me try um. Find black coat Zeisberger say um best—Glate Spirit guide—believe in um—no good no bad luck — what is is good always.”

Dr. Bennet, who was a cynical looking person of a cynical speech and manner, surveyed the old Indian with some astonishment.

“Then you throw Indian Latin at me and think it was God who turned that bullet from going through your brain? I suppose it was God who sent Tom Quick to shoot you, in hopes that he would get your scalp and get thereby £30 bounty from the State of New Jersey or from Pennsylvania? I’ll bet Tom’s at this minute swearing to himself in good Dutch over his bad luck.”

“Glate Spirit sometimes lets um man do mighty for show some time Glate Spirit wullit.”

“You’ll get well sure” said the doctor. “Your faith is needed in this world. God—the Alpha and Omega—doer of all things—Lord over all. But stay—what’s your name?”

“Papenhunk of Michiwihilusing,” answered Courtright, joining in the conversation.

“Stop right here in this Indian Latin of yours,” Mr. Papenhunk,” said the doctor, falling back upon the time honored question which has puzzled many; “tell me if your faith is sure that God directs all things, why does he not kill the devil and stop all the wickedness at once?”

“Me say Glate Spirit more wise than me. He suffels it to make out his plans complete. Me no question um.”

“*Possim, possem, possum, possimus*,” as the good Fryenmoet used to conjugate his Latin, I am able to see its enough, Mr. Pepperhunk. Here is a dose of calomel to keep your bowels in order, and I’ll come over in the morning and bleed you. You’ll get around, no bones are fractured.” So saying the doctor bade the family good night and went out in search of his horse. He hung his saddle bags across the animal’s back, untied it, and with the aid of a stump got upon its back and started homeward. As he rode on up the river along the lonesome and dark road the old Indian’s faith kept running in his thoughts. It was a faith he thought that was at least “as a grain of mustard seed,” and who knows, muttered he to himself but that old Pop’s Indian Latin, ‘mighty’ for bad and ‘wullit’ for good, is understood just as well on high as Fryenmoet’s Latin ‘*malus*’ and ‘*bonus*’ for the same characteristics?

CHAPTER XII.

HAPPINESS AND UNHAPPINESS.

"And as, far off across the winding stream,
 Like flashes from a half forgotten dream,
 I see the farms, and homes, where oft since then
 The wedding guest and winding sheet have been,
 And see the cloudy banners of the sky
 Cast drifting shadows on the fields of rye,
 And see the trees with red and yellow stained,
 As if some autumn of my youth remained;
 I feel that here is found, again at last,
 The real presence of a charming past."—Purdy.

"Ah, well! no man can flee his destiny;
 All is, we mortals must keep watch and know
 Whose star is rising, whose descending low"—Platt

THE evening of the tenth of October, the time appointed for the double wedding at Stephen Courtright's was at hand. A fair day had preceded it but a south wind had swept fleecy clouds through the sky, and two or three black and huge thunder storms had passed by during the afternoon over the mountains to the westward of the river. Weather-wise inhabitants of that neighborhood said others would probably visit the valley before another day came round. Nevertheless Stephen's humble log house was crowded to repletion with guests. Young ladies, and old ones too, differed about the effect of the weather on the brides and grooms.

"This is the groom's day" asserted Mrs. Cole, "and they'll be fair and nice for the first part of their married lives, and storm and scold later."

"Nay, nay" said Mrs. Westbrook, "you've got it wrong; this is the bride's day and they are the ones that will be fair and lovely like this day and wind up with a stormy career at last."

"Not so," quoth Dame Cole. "I have heard it from my mother, and she had it from her mother, that the day of the wedding was the groom's day, and the next day the bride's."

"Here comes Dominie Romeyn" rejoined Mrs. Westbrook, "lets leave it to him."

"All right."

"The Dominie appealed to by both ladies, listened to the conundrum propounded by them with a shrewd air of attention.

"*Tobus creditur, mihi creditur, nobis creditur*; slightly irregular, but as some have it since, you are believed, I am believed, and we are believed, it must be all right, whichever it is," he finally answered.

"True enough!" echoed both the ladies.

He passed on, inwardly congratulating himself on the ease with which he had so amicably settled the dispute. The ladies each looked after him, completely in the dark as to which way he had decided the question, but unwilling to confess that they did not comprehend his learned answer. In consequence of these differences of opinion Bethune and Freme were terribly confused by the assertions of their friends that this or that was bride's day and this or that was groom's day, and the weather indicated a fair beginning to their married career, and a stormy climax, but whether the latter was to be from bride or groom, who should decide?

"They'll all fight like cats and dogs by the time they're forty years old," observed John, who had overheard the dominie's decision. "Let the wind blow as it will, groom's day or bride's day, it will be all the same by that time."

The dogs, led by old Tige, never had occasion to bark at so many comers there before and George and John had never been kept so busy before in calling them off and in helping to secure horses to available sheltered places. Everything was arranged by them in due time, and they then joined the throng in the house, where John was in time to express his opinion as above quoted.

Antoine was there, dressed faultlessly and happy. Mark, too, was there, radiant and happy. Papenhunk was there, sitting on his haunches in a corner, his head bandged in linen, and his stomach uneasy from the effects of Dr. Bennet's calomel, but trying to believe himself happy because everyone else seemed happy. Lemuel VanZandt was there, his mind more uneasy from disappointed hopes and crushed love's dreams, than Papenhunk's stomach was from calomel, yet trying to believe he was happy in seeing Bethune happy.

"We are going to have a big thunder shower," remarked Jacobus Westbrook to his friend Stephen Courtright.

"Dot's it," rejoined Stephen, "dem witches lately dey keeps someding

comin' dis way to bodder me."

"Keep near that horseshoe dad, and hit it a crack when the sign is right," admonished John.

"Shon, Shon! How often I dells you stop dot!" returned his father sadly. "No good luck comes ot saying somedings in shoke." Then turning to Papenhunk he said, "And vot you dink of it?"

"Ugh, me feel mighty hele," replied the Indian, laying his hand upon his heart.

Perhaps Courtright surmised that feeling of Papenhunk's to be based on Dr. Bennet's remedies, but he pretended to understand the reason to be founded in a mental fear that some misfortune was impending and expressed that understanding in the words, "Yes it'll rain quick." Papenhunk groaned with pity for his friend's want of comprehension, but said nothing.



ROSENKRANS' HOUSE.

[This picture of the Rosenkrans house in Sandyston was taken about 1890. The smaller part of it was originally the Shapanack stone fort.]

The good Dominie Romeyn passed around among the guests shaking hands and making himself and them feel quite at home. His wife was also greeted pleasantly by everyone for she was well acquainted with them, indeed her father, Abraham VanCampen, of Wallpack, was considered with Col. John Rosenkrans, of Shapanack, the leading men of that valley, and she therefore enjoyed a considerable prestige on that account. When the minister came in contact with Dr. Bennet there at once arose a discussion. They were noted for disputes on the subjects of grammar and Latin.

"How is my friend the doctor to night?" inquired the minister in the tone of one who anticipated the answer in the manner of the questioner.

"Fairly well" quoth the doctor, "but I say minister this is to be *un grande* affair isn't it? Two brides—two grooms—verily cupid *dei gratia!*"

"*Dai grasha,*" replied the dominie, imitating the doctor's pronunciation; "my good friend why dost thou allow the precepts of thy Latin tutor to be forgotten?"

"Aha, my Latin critic! Now you provoke me to counter question you!"

"Counter question me on Latin? Why my good doctor if you did it it would only give me a chance to refute your faulty idiom. '*Dai grasha,*' that's fine!" With that the dominie allowed a mocking smile to appear on his face.

"Pray give us your version," said the doctor with suppressed indignation.

"Not my version" returned his tormentor, "will I render for your edification, but the version of the best old masters. This is it—*D-e-i grassy-i.*"

"*D-e-i grassy-eye* the d—l!" blurted out the doctor. "That's rich. Cupid *dei-grassy-eye*, *numero unus grassy-eye*, *tres grassy-eye*, *quatuor grassy-eye*. Therefore one bride with two grassy eyes, two brides with four grassy eyes. That's decidedly rich."

"Nevertheless my good doctor your pronunciation is away off on Latin."

"It is, is it? Well I'll show you you're away off." The doctor rose in wrath. "You'd better stick to your conferentie doctrine. Stick

to the doctrine that your own country in church matters cannot walk alone, but must hang onto the skirts of the old Holland church and thus head off competition by clergymen who are too poor to go over there to be ordained. Stick to it and to your erroneous Latin. Some day you'll find that both are relics of a stranded life."

The doctor's impassioned words had engaged the attention of all the guests. The minister's face flushed at the doctor's taunts and he was about to reply forcibly, when a flash of lightning illuminated the room with an instant of blue tinted flickering flame and a crash of thunder shook the house.

"Look to the horses!" exclaimed some one. Every man rushed out of doors to look after them. But out of doors the darkness was so dense that nothing could be seen two feet ahead of any person. John, however, quickly appeared with a round tin lantern the sides of which were perforated with holes to let abroad the light from a tallow candle inside of it. The horses were found fastened, but scared. This ascertained all returned to the house. By this time raindrops began to patter on the roof and lightning flashed frequently. A breeze fitfully swept over the valley and mountains.

"Hark!" said Stephen Courtright, "I thought I heard dem horses canter on de road. No, it must be dem witches."

Several about him listened intently for a moment, but heard nothing outside except the pattering rain drops, the weird wail of the wind through the forest and deep-toned echoes of the thunder. Then all turned their attention to a part of the room where the bridal couples had taken their position before the minister. No array of bridesmaids and best men "stood up" with them, for this was a double wedding and two couples filled the space which would have else afforded room for bridesmaid and groom.

Beautiful and stately, Bethune stood beside Antoine, her quiet beauty reminding some of the guests of the pictures of the queens they had seen depicted in Bible times. Still more beautiful looked Frema as she stood beside Mark, for her fresh and fair features were lighted by a smile of happiness which caused some of the lady guests to whisper to each other that she was the loveliest bride they had ever seen.

On the contrary some of those ladies whispered about Bethune, that for all she looked so quiet and handsome, "they'd bet she was sorry about the way she had treated Lem. VanZandt; if she wasn't she would be." Meantime the minister had proceeded with the ceremony. When he arrived at the words:



"They'd bet she was sorry"

paused and glanced around at the assemblage in a formal way. The silence was complete except for the falling rain and crashing thunder out of doors. Before he could resume, the door was flung open and a large man rushed in shouting as he did so: "Hold there! I forbid the marriage!" In the same gust of rain, wind, thunder and lightning, which had rushed in with the strange man, came two other persons.

"Sheriff Darby py de big bridge at Rotterdam!" exclaimed Court-right as soon as he caught a glimpse of the stranger's face.

"Yes, Sheriff Darby I am," said the large man, shaking off the rain much as a Newfoundland dog would do. "I have come to discharge an unpleasant duty," he continued, "stop the ceremony minister, until you hear this woman's story!"

All eyes were turned upon the two persons who accompanied the sheriff. One of them was a foreign-looking man, the other a woman, both dressed in foreign style. The woman was young—her pale features looking paler than they really were from contrast with her very large dark eyes. She saw Antoine, and sank to the floor with a moan, her garments dripping with water over and around her. Antoine, at the view he caught of her sprang from the side of Bethune, and forced his way through the guests to the heap of dripping garments in which lay the moaning form of the strange woman. He knelt beside her and put one arm under her head.

"The dead have risen! This, my wife, I thought dead, lives!" he said, turning his face toward the awe-struck guests, and then to the pitiful frail figure of the little woman who lay moaning by him. He swept away the disheveled and wet hair from her pale face, and sought to reassure her. Bethune sank sobbing to the floor.

Courtright and his sons reached for their rifles. Sheriff Darby laid his hand on the old man's arm and called to them to halt.

"There is nothing wrong about this man," he said. "He is but doing as an honest man should. Let his wife tell her story and let God judge between them." The Courtright's paused with their rifles in their hands. The rain outside was falling, but its roar was less in volume, and though the lightning flashed as vividly as at first, the crash of the succeeding thunder seemed farther off. The sobs of Bethune were hysterical and pathetic. Mark and Freme knelt by her side and endeavored to offer consolation, but with little success until at last Lemuel VanZandt stole timidly to her and said in a low voice: "Dear heart. In the thick clouds and in the dark shadows true love is best."

"*Licet esse beatiss,*" said the Rev. Romeyn solemnly.

It caught the ear of Dr. Bennet. "There he goes again with that grassy-eye drawl," said he in a tone specially intended to reach the reverend ears. Such Latin as that is enough to corrupt the status of that great universal language. '*Licet esse beatiss*' when it should be '*Licet esse beatus,*' to express properly: "They may be happy."

The dominie was about to retort, when a sharp metallic clang startled every one in the room. John had struck the horseshoe with his iron ramrod.



CHAPTER XIII.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED IN TIME.

"And did there in a public place
Imprint a kiss upon her face."

* * * * *

"The Judge looked downward o'er his specs
And smiled; then leaned upon his desk,
And said, "Well, John, you took some risk,
And yet I own your story brings
A somewhat altered state of things.
If 'twas your daughter as you say,
Or you mistook her on the way,
And no suspicion ever rose
That it was some one else's, I s'pose
You're not to blame; but then it takes
Some trouble to correct mistakes."

- John White's Trial

THE sheriff took advantage of the attention which the sudden clang produced, to say: "Listen! This poor woman who has accompanied me here to night has endured many hardships and traveled many miles to find her husband, Antoine Dutot. This was not because he evaded her, but because he had plunged into the forests of this country—believing her to be dead. She cannot speak English nor Dutch, both of which seem to be understood in this valley, consequently has been forced to have an interpreter, as she only speaks French. That interpreter is here and she will now tell you about this matter through him. Speak my good woman." The latter sentence the sheriff addressed to the woman who still lay moaning on the floor, her head supported by the arm of Antoine.

Upon the interpreter repeating to her in French the sheriff's words, she aroused herself to a sitting position supported by Antoine, and in a low and plaintive voice talked to the interpreter and he rendered it in English to the spectators.

"It was only a few years ago that I, Marguerite D-Jerneville, was a maiden at my parents' home in southern France. I married Antoine Dutot, who is here by me. We sought to make a permanent home for ourselves, and in an evil hour some one brought us

accounts of a beautiful far off land where the heavens smiled in perpetual summer, where the orange tree and palm made a perpetual shade, and where the rarest flowers grew in all the world. That was San Domingo, a colony of France, and there we were told men who had money by owning plantations made large profits out of the sugar cane and coffee plants. Antoine had money from his dead father's estate and he said to me: 'Marguerite, let us go to this new land of beauty and invest our money.' I consented, and we took passage on a ship and in due time landed there. We took a furnished house in the city of Cape Francois, and Antoine went out to prospect for a suitable plantation. Some he found were in the hands of wealthy men who would not sell, others were in the hands of the mulattoes who would only sell to their own class, and the plantations offered for sale were out of the city so far as to be in danger from the brigands which infested the mountains. 'Let us not be in a hurry,' said Antoine, 'for it is better to wait and buy a satisfactory property when one is offered for sale.' So we waited. Meantime the people talked of us and said to one another, 'Behold this rich Frenchman who comes to invest money, where does he keep it?' From this no doubt the opinion gained among them that the money was kept in the house.

"One night at the midnight hour there came a crash and the door flew open admitting a large body of negroes. Antoine had lived in fear of such an attack and had his money and bills of exchange in a belt which he strapped upon him, and he hurriedly put on his clothes. I grasped my clothing as well as I was able, and we both made a rush down the stairway, hoping to force our way through the ranks of the robbers. This neither of us could have accomplished had not a neighboring servant seen the robbers when they approached our house and given the alarm to the soldiers at the fort. The captain had rushed forward a strong detachment to our rescue from the fort. A party of negroes had rushed to intercept us from leaving the house, while others fought back the soldiery. There was a rush made upon us and I saw Monsieur Dutot go down under the blows of a club. I shrieked when I saw him killed, as I supposed and lost consciousness, my last recollection being a view of his bloody body overborne by the fierce gang of black fiends who assailed us, the crack-

ling flames of the burning house by that time lighting up the scene with awful distinctness, for it had been fired by them.

"When I recovered consciousness I was in the mansion of the Count De Noe, a wealthy Frenchman who owned a large plantation. I had been ill with brain fever for many days. One of his slaves, a young negro called Toussaint* had saved my life from the mob on that terrible night. Attracted there by the flames, and the conflict of the soldiers with the outlaws, he had dragged me to safety just as the wretches who had despatched my husband (as I believed) came with their bloody clubs to beat out my brains. He carried me to his master's house. The count and the amiable ladies of his household nursed me through my illness. I was without funds when I recovered and I worked as a governess for the children of the count for over four years. A few months ago a ship which touched at the port brought back the word, that, wounded and insensible as he was on that awful night of our calamity, Monsieur Dutot had been rescued by a party of sailors, who had joined the soldiers in beating off the robber horde. They had carried him aboard the ship with them, and had informed him that they saw me, his wife, lying dead nearby when they rescued him. The next morning the ship weighed anchor for Philadelphia and he was taken there and recovered from his wounds. Toussaint heard the story at the wharves in port. He informed his master, the count, of his information. That good man said: 'Here is money. Take it and hunt up Monsieur Dutot in Philadelphia in America. He thinks you dead as you thought he was and you can never find him unless you go there and search for him'

*Toussaint became afterwards the commander of the army in San Domingo. He served also in the Spanish army, where he was lieutenant-general. With 600 men he beat a body of 1,500 French out of a strong position and also captured other important positions. One of the French commissioners, Polverel, speaking of him said, "*cet homme fait ouverture partout*" (that man makes an opening everywhere,) hence Toussaint L'Ouverture by which name he was always afterwards known. In 1794 France issued a decree abolishing slavery, and he then came back to the French service. He was made a brigadier general and appointed governor of the colony. At one time a French general (Laveraux) was captured by the mulattoes. L'Ouverture marched with an army of 10,000 black soldiers and released him. He improved the conditions of people in San Domingo and was acknowledged to be without a peer in statesmanship and generalship. His popularity drew down upon him the adverse policy of Napoleon Bonaparte. The latter sent 26 ships and 25,000 men over in 1802, and followed it with 25,000 more men. Toussaint made a desperate conflict with them but his army of negroes deserted him and he yielded. The French lost 30,000 men, 1,500 officers and 700 physicians in this war. Toussaint L'Ouverture was taken a prisoner to France, where by neglect of his jailors he died of starvation, April 27, 1803. Thus perished one who did more for France in his country than any Frenchman ever did, and the most talented black man probably that ever lived.

"I came to Philadelphia. I enquire at the inns, but no trace of him do I find. At last, not to weary your patience by too long a story, the rumor that a Frenchman had been in Jersey Minisink, talking of buying land and founding a city, came to my ears. I hire Monsieur Eyer to interpret for me. I enquire for Jersey Minisink. I hire horses to ride. I walk. I haste and I enquire. At Crosswicks (Trenton) they tell me go to Morristown. At Morristown they tell me go to Newtown. At Newtown they tell me of my husband—my Antoine. They tell me of his coming re-marriage. I got the sheriff to protect us. I hurry the men. I hurry the horses. We are here in time to prevent a terrible mistake. I make no blame. You must not take blame to Antoine. He thought me dead."

She stopped there.

"True zis is. Good Meester Courtright, goot frents all of you; zat angelic maiden whose tears are evidence of her goot heart—allow me von moment." Antoine arose as he spoke and placed his right hand upon his heart. "I am no rogue. Honesty of purpose iz my object. Ze words of ze dear woman who iz here and has spoken, are true—she is my wife. When ze robbers attacked us, as she told you, in ze midst of ze fire and blood and roar of battle, as knocked down I was, my last glance caught ze form of zis dear wife, falling before a carbine flash. Ze belief in her death I had. She has told you, she ze same belief had of me. We now ze mistake know. Eet is true as God shall ze all of us judge. I beg par-don of all who zat meestake make to suffer. I beg par-don especial of ze good maiden who have confidence in me. May God bless her! God bless all of you! My duty eez to go wiz my wife zat was dead and is alive to me."

He stooped and raised her from the floor to her feet. Her weak and fragile form leaned upon him for support, her head against his shoulder, her pallid face hidden against his breast. He turned to the door.

"Come, sheriff, we must go!"

Sheriff Darby advanced in the lead to the door, followed by the interpreter. He opened it. The storm had spent its force and the muttering thunder was echoing through the valley and was being carried in fitful gusts of wind over Minisink mountain. The lightning's intermittent flashing lighted up the valley and river to westward and the forest covered mountain to eastward. The outgoing party alternately

stood silhouetted against that variegated background, or against a bank of darkness, to the gaze of the assemblage in doors. Antoine turned partly on the threshold so that the candlelight enabled him to glance over the white faces of its members.

"Adieu! Adieu! God bless you!" said he.

As he spoke the glare of a lightning's flash silhouetted his honest form with a never to be forgotten distinctness to the gaze of the spectators. One arm was around his wife's waist, whilst her arms encircled his neck. Sheriff Darby's tall form stood just beyond, and interpreter Eyer near him. The picture was such a startling one that an involuntary "Good bye!" burst in one hearty chorus from the spectators. Then they were shut from sight by the inky blackness which seemed after the lightning's flash to drop like the blackness of death upon all outside the door, as if to hide them from sight forever *

John was the first to break silence after the door was closed behind them.

"I struck the horse shoe just right. The witches must have led to that mistake of the departed, and now that it is over with and the bad luck banished by that stroke of mine, why, I say, good luck must follow."

*The well-read historian will undoubtedly detect in Antoine Dutot's history an anachronism in the time. It will be alleged that it really took place a number of years later than we have written. Of his later years, succeeding the events in the above chapter, Brodhead in his "Delaware Water Gap" says in 1870: "In the year 1793 there came to the Water Gap a Frenchman named Anthony Dutot. He was said to be wealthy. x x x He was impressed with the grandeur of the scenery at the Delaware Water Gap and eagerly made purchase of a large tract of land including the portion on which the Kittatinny House is situated, and the hills on the north side of the mountain where the village is located. At the latter place he laid out a city and called it after his own name Dutotsburg. In the centre of the plot, around which he built a dozen or more small dwellings he left a large triangular lot for a market place. x x x The name has been changed to the Delaware Water Gap, and the buildings erected by Mr. Dutot have long since disappeared and others more substantial have taken their places; but the market grounds remain uninvaded. x x x Mr. Dutot obtained a charter for a toll road from the foot of the hill along the bank of the river where the railroad now passes. The toll road was superseded in 1824 by the construction of the present state road. Mr. Dutot built a saw mill upon the foundation still to be seen at the boat landing. It was burned by sparks from a locomotive soon after the opening of the railroad. x x x He had a number of expensive lawsuits with Mr. Hauser a German, neither of whom understood the other's language. One trial had Mr. Dutot on trial for assault and battery on Hauser. Mr. Dutot testified: 'Mr. Hauser he von grand what you call him—he no tell ze true; he call my little ceele Hard Scrab (hard scrabble), then I say: Zounds, Mr. Hauser, be von hard scrab yourself; then Mr. Hauser he put his fist in his hand and strik me, then I lift my foot and I strike Mr. Hauser.'"

Soon after Mr. Dutot's settlement here, he made selection of Sunset Hill as his last resting place and some 20 years before his death purchased a cannon and bell, the latter to be rung from the belfry of his own house where it was erected, and the former to be fired from his grave when certain events transpired affecting the prosperity of the place which he predicted would occur. Among the predictions was the completion of a railroad through the gap, and the landing of a steamboat at the wharf he had made selection of, on the bank of the Delaware. He died in 1841. Fifteen years later the whistle of the locomotive was first heard echoing in the gorge of the mountain, but the repose of the old gentleman was undisturbed by the ringing of bell or the firing of cannon over his solitary and neglected grave. The cannon long since exploded in saluting the dawn of a national anniversary from the summit of Mount Caroline, but the old bell still peals in unaltered tones from the belfry of the old stone seminary at Ironsburg.

The guests began to breath freely again. Mark parted from Freme's side to whisper a word or two in Lemuel VanZandt's ear. Then he came back to minister Romeyn, and whispered a word or two with him.

"Please don't get him to quote any more Latin," said Dr. Bennet, addressing Mark.

Mark gave no heed to the remark, but Romeyn retorted, "At all events he could not get you to quote Latin—correctly." Then turning to the assemblage he said:

"My friends and friends of this good man Stephen Courtright, and of his family, you have witnessed to-night a signal intervention of Providence. You have seen a mistake revealed at a time—a most opportune time I may say—to prevent a more extended mistake, which might have brought much misery upon this household. It should be a source of congratulation that this is so. The tears which misplaced affection are wringing from the heart of Miss Bethune, she should now change to those of gladness. The ceremony on which we had entered, and which was so unexpectedly and surprisingly interrupted, we will further suspend for a short time to allow the family time for consultation."

"He didn't give me no credit for driving away the witches; but I did it just the same with my little ramrod," whispered John to Papenhunk.

"Ugh!" said the chieftain, "big load laised off me mind. Me feel mighty talen (ten) moons for Missa Betune. Mighty none now—all wullit."

"No more bad, all good, now eh?" said Dr. Bennet, who had heard him. "I guess my prescription has helped you more than anything else."

Meantime Mark and Freme assisted Bethune to a rear room, where Mr. and Mrs. Courtright followed together with Lem. VanZandt.



CHAPTER XIV.

DRIVEN BACK.

"Then is there mirth in Heaven,
 When earthly things made even,
 Atone together.
 Good duke receive thy daughter;
 Hymen from Heaven brought her;
 Yea brought her hither.
 That thou mightst join her hand with his,
 Whose heart within her bosom is."

* * * * * * *

"Peace ha! I bar confusion:
 'Tis I must make conclusion
 Of these most strange events;
 Here's four that must take hands
 To join in Hymen's bands,
 If truth holds true contents "

—As You Like It.

WHEN Freme, Bethune, Mark. Lem., and Mrs. Courtright, were gathered in the rear room, Mark took upon himself the duty, if it might so be called, at least the initiative, of the purpose with which he had urged this meeting.

"Now that this delusion has passed away, and we find ourselves able to see things as they are, I suggest to you Bethune," said he, "that it is wise to acknowledge the true state of your feelings and make new resolutions. As the dominie says, tears of sorrow shall be turned into tears of joy that this mistake has been rectified."

"Ah!" groaned Bethune, "but the humiliation of it!"

"There is one way you can correct it and turn the event into a triumph over the envious feelings of those who may feel disposed to call it humiliation," said Freme.

"And that is?" asked Bethune.

"To let your true feelings rule," said Mark, breaking in again on the colloquy, "I think I have a true opinion of them. You really liked Lem., but through an error he may have unintentionally made, you surmised that he had lost somewhat of his regard for you and therefore encouraged the attentions which have just resulted so disastrously. Lem-

nel VanZandt has never wavered in his feelings toward you. That I know. You like him best of all, if you would but dismiss this feeling of pique."

"Mark speaks the truth of me. I, Lem. VanZandt, are true, will be true, to you, Bethune!" Lem. said this so solemnly that Bethune looked at him.

"That is saying a great deal, after what has passed," she said.

"Dear sister," said Freme pleadingly, "it is saying a great deal. But Lem. VanZandt says it like the honest, straightforward man he is."

"But it is too late—too late!"

"Not so," quoth Mark, taking up his friend's cause. "It is just in time. You fancied you liked Antoine, you really loved Lem. Why not do the sensible thing at the right time: take the hand of the man who loves you and whom you have really loved, and do love, and bravely rise above the humiliation of the hour: walk with him before the minister and let the interrupted ceremony proceed?"

"Will you do so Bethune?" Lemuel asked in a straightforward manner.

"Alas!" said she, "What would the neighbors say?"

"My daughter, it is not what the neighbors say, it is what you say," said her mother.

"And its what my good friend Lemuel VanZandt says more than the neighbors," supplemented Mark.

"I have said it. I will one condition ask," said Lemuel.

"A condition!" Bethune raised her head as she uttered the exclamation and in the surprise of the moment seemed to forget her crushed feelings, as she looked at him.

"This is it. Throw aside dot wedding dress and dose flowers; put on a dress, as before dis day you wore, one dot I loved to see you wear when no ill thoughts between us came, and married we shall be."

"Driven back! And have I so savagely, so relentlessly been driven back, an expression I once used, you remember, that I am to be married conditionally? Would you mercilessly have me reduced to the condition of that young woman in Maryland, whose bridegroom

was afraid he might have to pay her debts?*" This is a worse humiliation than all I have suffered." With these words she again burst into an agony of grief.

"Look at this reasonably, dear Bethune," interposed Freme. "Lemuel is right. The dress and flowers you have on were in honor of some one else—in honor of a false feeling of pique—in honor of the greatest mistake of your life. You know this now is so. You have indeed been driven back by the hand of fate from a false life to the true and loved. Take off the symbols of that falsehood, put on the garb of truth and triumph over the criticism of the neighbors."

The argument had its effect. Bethune ceased her sobs, and took a hand of Lem's in her's, saying: "I will do it. No more mockery for me. But I shall have to wear my ordinary clothes, and perhaps you may need a little more time to consider it?"

"Not I. Now it is or never," said Lem. resolutely.

"I will be ready in a few minutes," said she. Then Freme kissed her and they retired to make the change.

Meantime the assembly in the main room were lost in the mazes of surprise and faint conjecture. Many of them felt as though a duty was laid upon them to offer sympathy to their honest old neighbor, Stephen Courtright, and his wife. Yet such a mystery appeared to hang over the proceedings that they felt constrained and awkward and refrained from doing anything except to converse in whispers. Stephen and his sons had hung up their rifles. The old gentlemen sat down and buried his face in his hands, which position he maintained steadily. George and John took seats and kept quiet, because they, like all the rest, felt that conversation would be possibly ill-timed.

*The Pennsylvania Journal of June 18th, 1752, from whence the people in Minisink became familiar with this illustration of an attempt to evade an early law in Maryland that a man in marrying, if he took control of his wife's property must pay her debts previous to marriage, reported it as follows: "Annapolis in Maryland, June 4. About a fortnight ago there happened in Frederick county in this province as conical a wedding as we remember to have heard of. A couple, with their guests, (having obtained a license) came to the house of a reverend clergyman late in the evening, after he had been in bed some time with his wife and desired to be married. He, willing to accommodate them, got up and dressed himself in order to perform the ceremony. But the bridegroom having imbibed a notion that if he married a woman with anything he should be obliged to pay all her debts, and not otherwise, and as she came from the province of New Jersey, he was doubtful about her circumstances, the obliging bride stripped to her buff and two women held a sheet between her and the clergyman while he performed his office. But she, having forgot her cap at undressing, in the midst of the ceremony it came to her mind and she pulled that off too and flung it on the bed, and was married to her spouse (if not in a wedding suit) in her birthday suit. After the ceremony was over the bridegroom put on her one of his shirts to cover her. This account the reader may look upon as improbable and untrue but he may be assured it is a certain and naked truth."—N. J. A. Vol. XIX p. 164.

At first, after the bridal party had retired from their position in front of Dominie Romeyn, he remained standing with his open book in one hand, as if undecided whether to close it or not. Then he turned toward the guests and looked around upon them in a somewhat helpless manner. Under ordinary circumstances Dr. Bennet would have started a discussion with him, but now he said nothing. In a few moments Mr. Romeyn decided how to act to occupy the time, and relieve the constraint which prevailed. Said he:—

“The Prophet Isaiah's words very appropriately come to mind, as he wrote them in the 16th verse of the 42d chapter: ‘And I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things I do unto them, and not forsake them.’ Let us pray.” He followed this with a somewhat lengthy prayer, which the audience felt was a powerful one in dissipating the awkward feeling which prevailed. He did not close until the rustle made by persons entering the room was heard. Pronouncing the Amen he rose and resumed the position he had before occupied. He had use for the open book now, for before him stood Lemuel VanZandt by the side of Bethune, his right hand clasped in hers, and by them Mark and Freme.



CHAPTER XV.

"A TALE THAT IS TOLD."

"To see the ever rushing flood of pride
 That whirls and eddies like an endless tide.
 And find that all these changes of the years
 Have not removed our sorrows nor our tears,
 But, like vast cyclones in their unchecked sway,
 Have only swept our ancient homes away:
 The question comes, 'If man shall ever find,
 In life's fierce battle front, that peace of mind
 Which round our ancient hearth stones used to fall
 In peaceful benedictions over all?"

- Legends of the Susquehanna.

NATURALLY all eyes were turned upon Lemuel VanZandt and his bride. Traces of tears were still visible among the roses on her cheeks, but there was a quiet resolution founded on true happiness which lighted up her features with a light that was not there earlier in the evening. Her plain dress of homespun without a flower upon it drew instant attention, but it was a commendatory view, for she by contrast graced it as no rose could have done. Mark and Freme, too, seemed to feel added happiness in this second appearance before the minister, and Freme clasped his hand more closely than at first.

Rev. Thomas Romeyn at once proceeded with the ceremony. When he again reached the question which at the former asking had been so abruptly answered, he did not glance toward the door as might have been expected for there reigned a perfect confidence in the minds of the whole assemblage as well as in his own, that no apprehension of a repetition of the previous trouble need be feared. When the ceremony was concluded, a murmur of applause followed and a rush was made by old and young to congratulate the two couples. When John got to them in addition to good wishes he expressed himself bluntly as follows:—

"Now that its over with let me tell you, Freme and Bethune, my good sisters, that if I had urged dad to put that silver shillin' in his rifle, and shoot it on two occasions I can tell you of, you wouldn't be looking well to night. Besides I hit that horseshoe over the door just right didn't I?"

Every one about them laughed, even Bethune forgetting her late unhappiness so far as to join. That broke the solemnity of the occasion and mirth and jollity became general. At the feast which followed, the doctor could not forbear again starting a discussion with the dominie.

"Now dominie" quoth he "what Latin term would you use to describe this first Minisink double wedding?"

"Call it *felix*," replied Mr. Romeyn sententiously.

"And in English, 'happy.' That suits me," said the doctor, "but if I ask Papenhunk over there, he'll say 'wullit' which is Lenno-Latin for the same thing. How would it do invent a new word from the three words and call it the 'Wullfelhap-Minisink-double-wedding,' for it isn't likely there'll ever be another with so many kinds of happiness about it?"

"Agreed. Only don't let us argue on the pronunciation."

When the feasting was over John came up to where Papenhunk sat. That individual had partaken sparingly of the eatables, for his appetite was not good.

"Well, my Indian uncle, what do you think of it?"

"Me wullit!"

"Oho! Then you are feeling good are you in spite of Tom. Quick, Dr. Bennet, and the witches! That won't do. You had better not let the doctor know that you feel good, or he'll proceed to reduce your hilarity with another dose of calomel. Here comes something that will make you feel better." John pointed to George, who was making a round of the room with a large milk pan full of cider from which the guests helped themselves with gourd dippers.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Papenhunk with disgust. "Scauli* (fire water) no wullet. Pale faces bling scauli with new wulistamnuwoagan (religion or faith) to make Lennos lose their people and deny their own Patamawas (gods)—to make Lennos know swear, know dlunk. Lennos knew not till pale faces blought them."

"Pshaw! That's only cider, and sweet at that. But now we'll hear a racket, for dad has got over there alongside the Dominie, and they'll get into a big dispute over the mother Dutch Reformed church in Holland, and her child, the Dutch Reformed church of this new world. Listen!"

*The Mohawk Indians pronounced this word scauri, but in the Delaware language, especially that of the Minsi division there was no r, hence an l was generally substituted for it.

With this John sat down and proceeded to give attention to what they were saying.

"Allow me to congratulate you on the choice your daughters have made for life partners," said Rev. Mr. Romeyn to Stephen Courtright. The former had broken away from the doctor's Latin upon this very excuse of congratulations.

"And I also congratulate you," added Mrs. Romeyn.

"Tanks, Tanks," said the old gentleman, "they have chosen, and as de tree falleth so it goes."

The dominie kindly overlooked the misquotation. Said he: "This new country has need of such steady citizens as I am assured your son-in-laws, Mark VanTuyle and Lemuel VanZandt will make."

"And dey'll up stand for dot country too." Stephen said it with an emphasis which implied that there were other people in the new land who would not stand up for it.

"Of course they will stand up for it, but not against the mother country. My good friend Courtright, it is to the interest of this new country to keep within the protection of the old country manners and belief. That same rule applies to the church. No good can come of a division of the relations between the parent church into the old and new world sects."

"Dere you vill go, I see. Vy it is as plain as de nose on my face dot people vill usually for dere interests somedings do. I insist dot de church in America can so well its ministers ordain as in Holland. You, vy you say no. You say——" Stephen was raising his voice in an excited manner, but just then the sound of a violin was heard, and the rustle that followed it broke up the conversation.

"Well I must go around," said John. "Have you had a plenty to eat?"

"Much eat."

"Then you are hobo?"

"No me no hobo—Acquanschioni say hobo*—Lenno say wullit."

"Well both words for good. You can use either one. Good night." With that John went away to enliven some other corner of the room.

*As Papenhunk here observed, the Mohawks and six nations made frequent use of the word "hobo" in applauding their orators, it signifying "good," or "first rate" in English. Here is where the word originated, now placed in the English vocabulary to signify a tramp.

In the meantime a rough unkempt looking man had got his violin tuned to the right pitch and he gave a flourish upon it with the bow. The sound was apparently as well understood by the guests as a bugle call is to an army. They cleared the floor, which was soon occupied by a set of dancers, among whom the most admired for good looks and merriment were Mark Van'Tuyle and his bride the lovely Freme. The violin led off with the "Money Musk." "First couple turn one and a half" shouted the fiddler, and then the well timed tread of the dancers began, to be continued with the variations of that particular dance throughout its extent. Lem. VanZandt and his bride, the peerless Bethune judged that it would not become them to mingle too conspicuously in the festivities, but they sat together and looked on the happiness around them in a perfectly satisfied way. Indeed the roses which had chased away the tears from Bethune's cheeks told a story of love's sunshine in the heart, as clearly as the sun's rays which break through the vanishing clouds of a tempest tell of renewed hope and good cheer.

When the measured cadence of the dancers feet began to enliven the scene, Dominie Romeyn and his wife concluded the hour was so late that it was best for them to return home. When they had put on their outdoor shawls and coats, and reached the doorway, they turned to the host and hostess who had accompanied them.

"We may differ neighbor Courtright on some things, but we agree on this, that Minisink is a pretty good place to live in after all. May heaven bless you all. Good night."

Dr. Bennet called out to the dominie, "good night, remember the Wullfelhap wedding!"

It is needless for us to follow the details of this narrative farther. We may say, however, that the boundary dispute was eventually settled between New York and New Jersey by the adoption of the line from the junction of the Neversink and Delaware to Hudson's river as at present. It was the result of a commission of thirteen members, whose decision was ratified by New York State, Feb. 26, 1771; by New Jersey, Feb. 26, 1772; and approved by the King, Sept. 1, 1773. It made good the title of all lands south of that line, which had been derived from the New Jersey proprietors as was Stephen Courtright's, and it annulled all titles from New York grants south of that line, thus ending the suit

without cost, of Ebenezer Willson vs. Courtright. Papenhunk lived to an advanced age and died among his kindred on the banks of the Ohio. Tom Quick was never apprehended for his crimes against the Indians, and died an old man at the home of a relative in Minisink. Elisha Boudinot became a distinguished lawyer, his fame beginning from the time he virtually vanquished in strategy that wily Orange County lawyer, Col. Vincent Mathews.

Jacob Stroud founded a village above the one which Antoine Dutot* laid out at the Watergap, and eventually business was built up at Stroudsburg, and Dutotsburg was deserted.

Stephen Courtright and his wife, his sons George and John, who married and became useful men, lived their allotted times in peace and plenty. Once on a time when Mark VanTuyle and his wife Freme, whose beauty of mind and person never seemed to wane in life, and Lemuel VanZandt with his handsome wife Bethune, a woman of blessed memory in the valley, were met at Stephen Courtright's cabin, where all the family had gathered in a happy re-union, Mark insisted that Freme should sing again the song he had not forgotten since the time she sang it at the quilting bee. To please him she consented, and when the sweet tones of her voice died away at the conclusion "by the winding Delaware," Mark grasped her hand and said, "dear wife, what a sweet singer you are! But what pleases me most is, that we shall indeed 'live and die together by the winding Delaware.' I could never feel satisfied in any other place after having lived in dear old Minisink and got acquainted with its dear people."

All of the people we have mentioned in the historic region of Minisink, have long ago gone the way of earth, and many of them rest in the peaceful and grass grown Minisink cemetery, not far from Fort Nomanock, and not far from the old burying ground of the Minsi Indians, and the sleep is just as sound as though Antoine's cannon had echoed in triumph from down the river, or Dr. Bennet's Latin had won out over the dominie's "grassy-eye."

So too we hope their last sleep will not be disturbed by the brief mention of their lives we have made in this narrative.

*In the "Centenarian of Monroe County," written by A. B. Burrell, descriptive of the Labar family, he mentions Mr. Dutot thus:—"Antoine was a gay old Frenchman with a romantic taste, while his ruffled shirt, his silk stockings, and his silver knee buckles, with his broadcloth were faultless; but his slaves were not the slaves he had in Hayti, nor was the product of his soil at all tropical. The outgo was sure, but the income was treacherous."—p. 58.

There they rest, European and Indian, in the dreamless depths of the grave—their last resting places clothed in the verdure of that romantic valley, kept green by the dew and moisture of the clouds which rise from the grand old Delaware on pleasant mornings, as if to weep over them, and fanned by the breezes which may be described as sent by heaven to hallow their memory by a requiem of eternal praise. Their old dwellings are mostly a memory—Minisink village has passed away, and the name is only perpetuated by a township called Minisink in Orange County, in another state. Fort Nomanock has vanished leaving only faint traces of its existence on the sandy flats near the river. Even as Minsies of that valley vanished from their habitations, so the early white settlers have disappeared, and only tales like this we have written convey to the people of these times some ideas of their manners and of the hardships they endured. “For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told.”

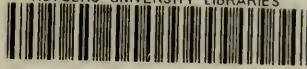
THE END.



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